

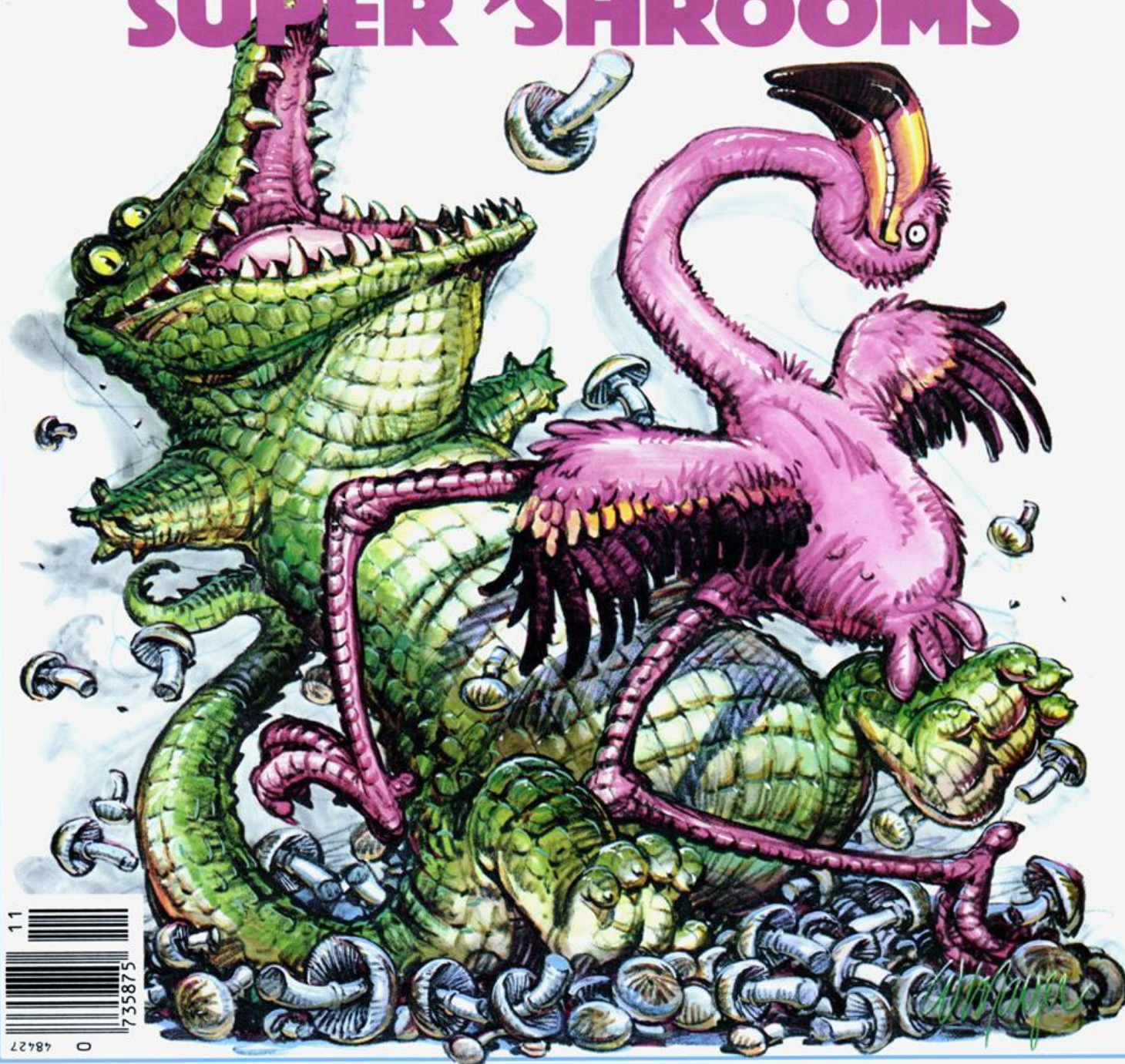
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HIGH TIMES

No. 99 November '83

FEATURES

Cover Illustration • Bill Mayer

Interview: Antidope, Inc., A Symposium, Part II by Dean Latimer

In the second part of our international panel discussion on the European drug scene, we focus on controlled-substance use and abuse in France and Great Britain. How similar is the dope situation in these two countries to that of our own? Well, in France any *real* attempt at drug enforcement is stymied by the Mafia; while in England Margaret Thatcher's government ignores studies that urge marijuana decriminalization, and spends its time concocting kids-and-drugs scares for the media. Sound familiar?

Hitler's Other Secret Diary by Lon Russell

August 9, 1944—"Today I gave one of my most-moving-ever speeches at the Sportsplatz. 'My German people,' I shouted, 'I have some good news and some bad news for you.' 'The good news first,' they all pleaded. 'Well,' said I, 'we can expect fifteen thousand new tanks, ten thousand new airplanes and one million fresh troops to be thrown into battle within the next few days.' They all screamed and wildly applauded me. 'The bad news,' I continued, 'is that they aren't on our side.' " It's Hitler like you've never seen him before

Centerfold: The Quintessence of Sinse

Psychedelic Express, Part I: Blast-off! by William Meyers

Over 30 buses and vans took off across the Golden Gate Bridge on a New Age revival mission. Packing several hundred pounds of pot, peyote and enough acid to light up the entire Northwest, they were hell-bent on laying the immutable laws of karma on an unsuspecting population. But what with the heavy head trips going down inside the bus (would you believe *four-way marriages!*) and the police sniffing around outside the bus, the journey was going to be a lot more mind-blowing than anyone had imagined

Dr. Atomic's Telephone Booth to Nirvana

by Larry Todd

This month we present another Larry Todd comix special featuring the legendary head scientist Dr. Atomic and his homemade orgone box. When Billy begins slacking off in the bedroom, Holly shames him into the Doc's contraption and then sets the controls for "prize stud." The result? There's just no satisfying some women

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

New Psychoactive 'Shroom Discovered . . . How Much Is Teen Drug-Use Declining? . . . Kids Heed Advice of Drug Users . . . Hash Prices Plummet in Israel . . . Investigations of Cocaine and Gambling Cast Suspicion on Kentucky Blue Bloods . . . Pot Burn Ignites Evidence-Bin Scandal . . . Navy Makes Grand Claims of Success with Piss Test

Trans-High Market Analysis

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37 International Pot-pourri by Laurence Cherniak

Our International Correspondent returned stateside a while back with a boatload of exotic potshots that you'd have to see to believe. Lucky for you he decided to collect them all and include them in his new book, *The History of Cannabis, Volume I, Book II*, herein excerpted for your ogling pleasure.



46 Going Smokeless by "R," the Connoisseur

Last month he told us to stop smoking indica. This month he wants us to stop smoking altogether. God only knows what's coming next month, but one thing is for sure: a pot connoisseur who's not smoking pot has got to be getting his highs from some other pretty heavy alternative source. Find out where the Connoisseur's head is at and why there's no smoke in it.

52 Ask Ed
by Ed Rosenthal
Author of the best-selling *Marijuana Growers Guide* and one of the most popular and widely acclaimed experts in the field (ha-ha), Ed Rosenthal takes on any and all cannabis-related questions in his new HIGH TIMES column. Plus, he's promised a copy of his book to each person whose question is used. What's the earliest and most reliable way to sex your plants? What kind of grow lights go best with your particular hydroponic set-up? Ask Ed, he knows.

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The First "Last Movie"

Editor:

Regarding the interview with Dennis Hopper in your August '83 issue:

1. The television title of *The Last Movie* is "Chincherro," not "Chin-churro."

2. The opening credits still say "A Film by Dennis Hopper."

3. "Chincherro" is *not* composed of outtakes, no matter what Hopper has been told. It is, except for certain cuts of censorship, frame for frame the same film.

4. The edits and/or changes in the film are minimal: There are no longer English subtitles for the Spanish dialogue; Fonda calling Michelle a bitch and shooting her has been cut; Hopper's "sex on the water" scene and the lesbian episode in the nightclub have been truncated. The only other alterations are simple edits of swear words.

As *The Last Movie* is one of my favorite films, a film I imprinted on my mind by sitting in the Ridgmont Theatre in Seattle four nights in a row, I am thrilled to have taped "Chin-

chero" off the late-late show. Outtakes? No way. This is the same film, scene for scene, jump for jump. Now, if those outtakes do really exist, and Hopper has them, let's see them. Don Gordon is so fantastic in this film it defies description. Everyone is fabulous. How about *The Last Movie, II*?

If any of you folks would like to see it, drop by and I'll plop it in the VCR and we'll take a little trip to Peru.

—Burl Barer

Walla Walla, Wash.

Birds of a Feather

Editor:

Please take my advice and stop printing those ridiculous poems by Allen Ginsberg. This sick jerk has never printed anything that has benefited the human race in any way, shape or form. If he ever had to support himself by doing any physical work he would probably die in one day. I don't know anyone who gives a shit about his obscene poetry (if they did, they would be as sick as he is). He never shaped any events of the '60s,

Reclaim Your Own

Editor:

Thought you folks might like a look at this. And everyone says the East Coast couldn't grow pipe filler! Well, America, just get a load of Peter Long Dong and Rolo C.C.'s plants. By the way,

shortly after this picture was taken this patch was ripped off. Shortly after that, we managed to get all of it back —and damn good pot it was, too.

—Peter Long Dong and Rolo C.C.

Rosedale, Md.



so who is he to comment on them? He is just an old faggot, and a decidedly ugly one at that. In the same vein, so is "R," your "Dope Connoisseur." Who the hell is this jerk? His writing stinks and he has never come up with anything interesting to say about weed. And how about his ridiculous campaign to have people start calling weed "pod"? What an asshole!

I would like to see more on reggae music and musicians. Let *them* speak about life and marijuana, and not some ivory-tower intellectual who never (or very rarely) carries pot or sells it. Pot is a sacrament—don't treat it cheaply. It is not a commodity like a car, a beautiful woman or a house, to be analyzed, bought and sold like real estate. You need more *real* people in your magazine, not wimpy faggots like Ginsberg and "R"—a stiff wind could blow both those faggots over.

—Name and address withheld

In the immortal words of Jello Biafra, "Nazi punk, fuck off."—Ed.

Re: Roger Davis

Editor:

I read with interest your interview with Roger Davis in the July '83 issue. I'd like to clarify several points made in the introduction to the interview.

Originally, the suit was brought on behalf of Mr. Davis by the Virginia ACLU and NORML. However, since 1976 the entire case has been handled by the ACLU with no financial contribution from NORML. The NAACP played no role in the 10 years of litigation. Their contribution was participation in a meeting with Governor Robb's Chief of Staff in requesting a pardon. In addition, Edward Hogshire was not hired by the ACLU—he volunteered his services as a cooperating attorney.

—Chan Kendrick

Director, ACLU, Virginia Affiliate

Thanks for the clarification, which we are pleased to print. However, on reviewing our intro to the Davis interview, we feel compelled to point out that none of the facts you mention were misrepresented by us. Specifically, when we said that the ACLU and NORML had enlisted the aid of Edward Hogshire, we did not mean to imply that

Hogshire's services were paid for. Perhaps we should have emphasized more strongly, though, that the primary credit for the extensive assistance Roger Davis received should go to the ACLU.—Ed.



Thanks for the Favor

Editor:
Even though I am not what you'd call an avid reader of your magazine, I've noticed you've lacked any decent shots of 'shrooms. So here you go.

—Name withheld

Out there somewhere

Where were you for last month's centerfold?—Ed.

Settling Ed's Hash

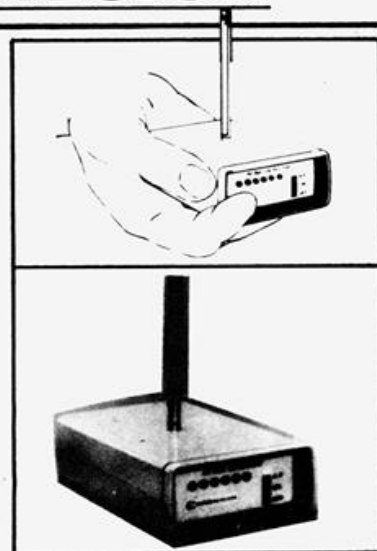
Editor:
Ed Rosenthal's account of his trip to explore the hash fields of Morocco ["In Search of the Hash Fields of Mo-"] continued on page 8

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/ continued from page 7

rocco," Aug. '83] was quite comic. If he had just arrived in Morocco two weeks earlier, he would have been up to his neck bone in luxuriant, standing fields, instead of having to waste all his time prowling around and then only being able to find one field that was unharvested. From reading his description of the field he did get to see, though (and from looking at his pictures), it was obvious he'd found a good one. Not a great one, mind you. There are lots better over there. I know.

—Name and address withheld

Tex-Mex, Jes!

Editor:

"Tex-Mex Sex" [HIGH TIMES, Aug. '83] was A-OK and had me waxing nostalgic over my misspent youth in Ogdensburg, New York, a sleepy little town along the United States-Canadian border. Sure, things in Prescott, Ontario (which is where us Ogdensburg boys used to go to party), weren't as spicy as the doin's in Juarez, but there were definitely good times to be had in the land of the paddle-tail beaver. Thanks for the memories.

—Frank Riorden

Albany, N.Y.

Artist as Asshole

Editor:

I am compelled to write and tell you that I found Michael Wilmington's article on German filmmaker Werner Fassbinder ["Fassbinder and His Friends," Aug. '83] simply astonishing. From Wilmington's questioning of Dieter Schidor, Fassbinder's close personal friend and colleague, there emerges a portrait of an artist so pathologically evil-spirited as to give bad-boy apologists like Byron, Rimbaud and even the Comte de Lautremont the creeps. What is it about these nasty sons-of-bitches that makes so many of them great artists?

—Edgar Roberts

Mineral, Ill.

Purple Glaze

Dear Gandalf:

In answer to your letter in the September '83 HIGH TIMES regarding the legendary Purple Mescaline of the

late '60s, here's what I know:

It came on the scene in San Francisco around 1968—originating, rumor had it, down the coast in Santa Cruz. It was around that time that a number of offshoot psychedelics had begun to appear (for those already bored with acid, I suppose). STP and MDA were among the more notable, and both were speed analogs. (As a matter of fact, the molecular structure of mescaline is in some ways similar to amphetamine.) At about that same time, at the grosser level, Haight Street was being blitzed with Methedrine, smack, Hell's Angels and White Panthers, from the gray horrors of which it never really recovered.

In spite of its questionable origins and chemical constitution, the "synthetic Purple Mescaline" of those days provided my friends and myself with a mostly blissful kind of high that was especially colorful, and almost always glazed with purple vibes. None of us believed the stories that it was "acid cut with speed," at least at first. A theory that came up later—that it was actually one or the other of the new speed-derived psychedelics, DMA or TMA (dimethylamphetamine and trimethylamphetamine) sounded more plausible. No one, at least, clung for long to the idea that it was actually a form of mescaline. And it didn't really vibe like peyote in the least.

It was certainly beautiful and seductive. The big lavender-tinted capsules were kind of far out just in how they looked, like lozenges of the gods. A good friend of ours who was especially fond of the stuff went far beyond the capsule-form finally, carrying around in his Mescalero Apache medicine bag a double-wrapped Baggieful of the lavender powder wherever he went, for frequent dipping into. He finally ended up receding for years into extended conversations with the angels, and other astral entities. (I found him years later selling solar-heated hot tubs in Marin County.)

Besides assisting me frequently to one of my favorite levels of consciousness—where the worn rags of habitual vision would drop away and original, ongoing Creation would step out in all its naked glory—that "Purple Mescaline" fueled me through some other pretty strange events. The most

/ continued on page 11

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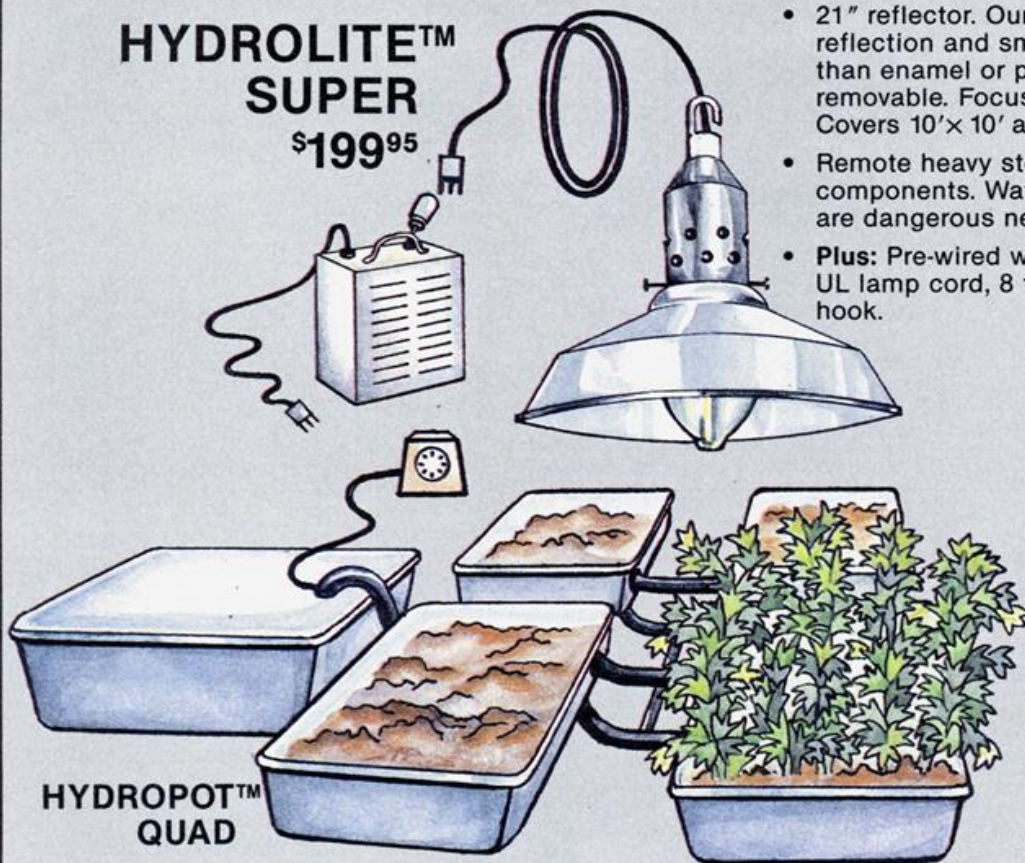
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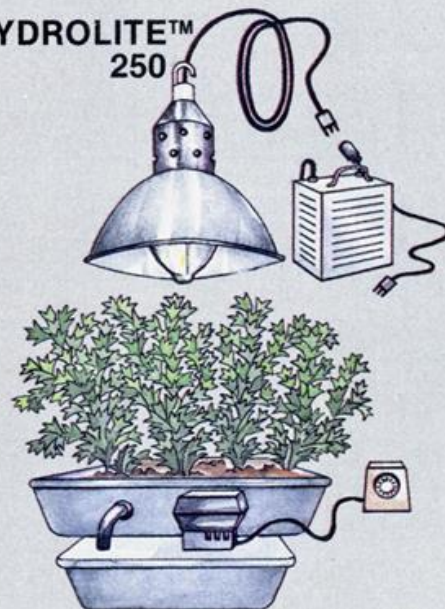
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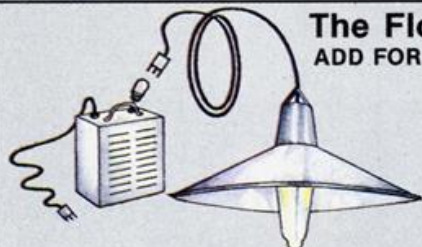


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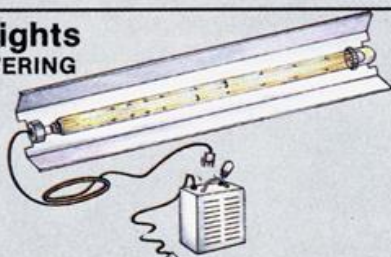


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LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

memorable of that kind were my visits to the Frontiers of Science commune at Harbinger Hot Spring, north of San Francisco. They were an outrageous bunch of hard-core hippies, with a bald guru in a pinstripe suit who was always jetting around the country turning on the masses to the New Age and raising funds, while his hundreds of followers and cohorts back at the commune got more and more into magic mirrors and casting spells and shooting smack with their acid. (They could never agree on a visitors policy, so they were eventually inundated with visitors who got into shooting acid with their smack.)

What I remember most vividly about my trip there was coming out dripping from the electro-molecular vibrations of their hot pool into the cold mountain air and being astonished when the clouds parted to see that *the moon, too*, was purple—and not feeling altogether good about it.

By the middle of 1969 the purple dust was more commonly available and more commonly devalued—and, as with all the other good things that came and went, the formula was gradually changed, probably for profit, and eventually adulterated without doubt. All of us who were into it seemed to realize within a week or two of each other that there really was speed in this stuff, having found ourselves spending half our trips grinding our teeth and trying hard not to get pissed.

By 1970, to my knowledge, it was gone. But the general movement by then was already shifting heavily toward the organics—peyote, mushrooms, woodrose seeds... It felt much better knowing that the only chemist you were allowing to change the formulas in your brain was God.

—William the Typesetter
New York, N.Y.

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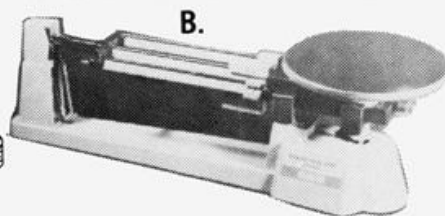
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ARE YOU A HUMBOLDT HONEY?



A Humboldt Honey is a peaceful, free spirit who is in tune with the earth. She never wears makeup (it's unnatural). She likes the simple things in life such as love, peace and flowers. She can be found dancing to reggae music or listening to the Grateful Dead. She believes in a natural, holistic approach to health. She shops at the CO-OP for such things as tofu, sunflower seeds and sprouts. Organic (not to be confused with insouciance) fruits and vegetables are her favorite so she is frequently spotted at the produce aisle where the barefoot rastafarian sometimes plays his flute. She fights for organizations and causes such as Greenpeace and Save the Seal. She believes that solar energy is better than nuclear power, thinks Watt is not where it's at, agrees that Indian burial grounds should be kept sacred and that Virgil Payne was a good man. Her friends play Humboldt County sports like hacky-sack and ultimate frisbee. They often recite poetry to one another, discuss Zen, Taoism and Gandhi's philosophy of non-violence. Her message for everyone is a simple one of peace, happiness and above all, love.

PHOTO: Humboldt Honey's by Ben K122. Artwork: California 91101. All Rights Reserved.

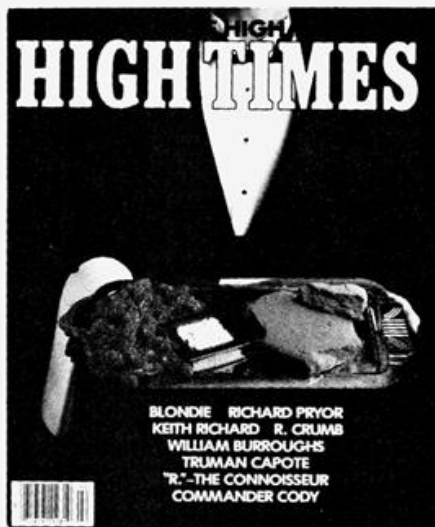
Introducing the Humboldt Honey

Old-time Humboldt County residents are hopping mad, and it's not over the antics of the Sinsemilla Strike Force, U-2 overflight pilots or this season's swarm of razor-jawed spider mites. No, sir. The good citizens of Humboldt are pissed and aggrieved at the above poster being sold in local stores around the Humboldt County area—the creation of 22-year-old Ingrid da Silva. Seems they think Ms. da Silva, a native Southern Californian who carpetbagged it north to attend Humboldt State University last year, is trashing the good women of the county and, furthermore,

in the words of one female bastion of the community, "Humboldt never saw anything like that slovenly trollop [she means the girl in the poster, not Ms. da Silva, we guess] until the colleges became havens for so many irresponsible youths from other areas." So there!

Well, while we see nothing derogatory in da Silva's depiction of Humboldt County womanhood, we can't help being more than a little miffed over the fact that she neglected to stick a copy of *HIGH TIMES* in her honey's knapsack. We mean, like wow, what's so cosmic about *Rolling Stone*?

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FLASHES



Chattanooga's Looking for a Few Straight Jurors

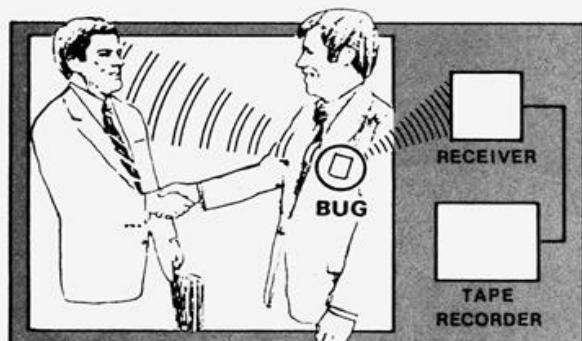
After nearly two hours of interviewing prospective jurors for a case involving possession of marijuana for resale, Judge Joe DiRisio, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was forced to declare a mistrial when 12 persons willing to enforce the state's marijuana laws could not be found.

"After he [Judge DiRisio] granted the mistrial, he told the jurors that in his ten years on the bench he had never seen a group more unwilling to follow the law and told them the case would not be tried in front of them," said Assistant D.A. Pete Strianse as he recounted the scene in the courtroom. "One individual on the jury," Strianse continued, "said that he was a disc jockey and musician and had cut a 45-record which extolled the virtues of marijuana, and he went on and on about how great it was. It was at that point that I asked him to approach the bench more or less to keep him quiet in front of the jury."

But there was no holding back the tide of anti anti-pot sentiment. Moments later another prospective juror began lavishing praise on the drug that helped his grandmother to see better (he had given her some to help her with her vision problems). Juror after juror proceeded to come forth with stories about how they had relatives that smoked marijuana, and as a result it would be very hard for them to come up with a conviction.

Said Strianse after all the shouting was over, "I had never seen that many jurors that vocal, just in their real opposition to the law." Amen.

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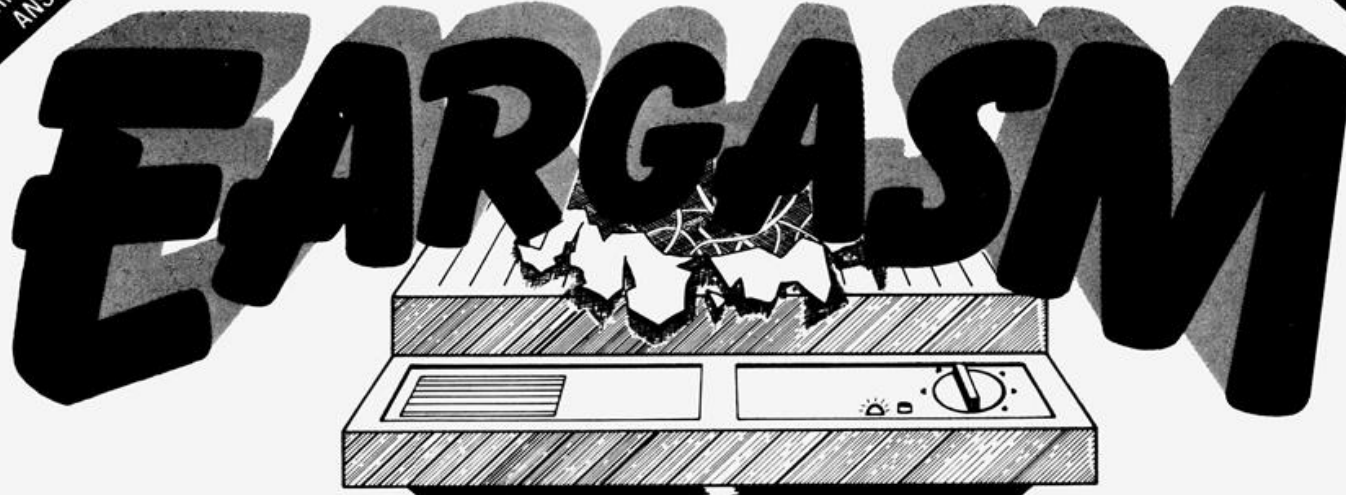
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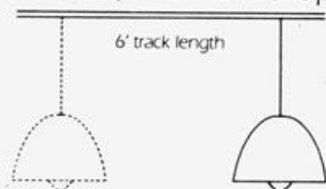
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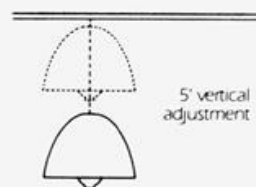
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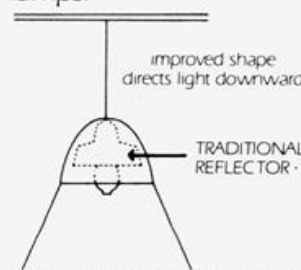
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MAGIC-MUSHROOM FANCIERS OF THE WORLD are currently waiting with bated breath for the definitive report, due shortly, on the nature and biochemistry of a newly discovered mushroom called Peele's *Lepiota*. This little white 'shroom was named after Pensacola mycologist Stephen Peele when he discovered it in 1980. Before now, only a few dozen people seem ever to have known about it, but once Jeremy Bigwood of Evergreen College in Washington publishes his pending report on this mushroom, a lot of people are bound to hear about it very quickly.

"I'd see people out in cow pastures hunting mushrooms right after a rainshower," mycologist Peele recalls of his discovery, "which is nothing special in Florida. But I noticed that some of them would step right over regular *Psilocybe cubensis* to pick this little white one. Since they obviously knew what psilocybin was, but went over it for this mushroom, I figured it must be something pretty special."

So Peele investigated it. The 'shroom, which appears to grow naturally only in northern Florida, springs up in shady, grassy locations, in patches of 50 to 200 'shrooms. Unlike *Psilocybe cubensis*, it doesn't often grow on cow paddies, although it does seem to prefer soil that's been amply fertilized with dung. It's a small, white, parasol-shaped 'shroom with a yellow patch on the top, which turns to a brownish dot with age. It greatly resembles the ordinary toxic mushroom *Chlorophyllum molybdites*, although the gill structures that radiate underneath the cap are not green, like *C. molybdites*'s gills, but pure white. And when it's bruised toward the bottom of the stem, Peele's *Lepiota* 'shroom bruises a deep beet red.

Peele warns that his *Lepiota* also closely resem-



A cluster of Peele's *Lepiota* in all their glory.

bles some species of *Amanita* mushrooms which are toxic. In his own paper on this newly found 'shroom, available through the Florida Mycology Research Center (P.O. Box 8104, Pensacola, FL 32505), Peele furnishes ample technical detail for the secure identification of Peele's *Lepiota*.

To test his newly found 'shroom for psychotropic properties, Peele first tried just a few tiny slices, to see if it had any notably toxic effects. When nothing untoward happened, he then tried three 'shrooms at once and recorded the following:

"The effect started coming about within fifty minutes. Black waving lines and distorted vision were the first visuals. The striking differences from *P. cubensis* was the fact of visuals without really feeling any mentionable physical change. The physical change brought about by *P. cubensis* is usually so great that one can only lay down, much less navigate about. After this notorious 'knock down,' then gradually the visuals come about. It therefore appears that

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HOW MUCH IS TEEN DRUG-USE DECLINING?

ARE THEY REALLY SMOKING LESS, OR CUTTING DOWN SOONER?

by Mark Swain

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

THE INCIDENCE OF AMERICAN high-school seniors smoking marijuana dropped even further this year for the third year in a row, according to statisticians for the National Institute of Drug Abuse. While the number of high-school kids who've smoked grass at least once before graduation has stayed steady, at a little more than half of each year's class, the number of 16-to-18-year-old seniors smoking it with any regularity has nose-dived. Less than 6 percent of last year's graduating class—barely 18,000 out of nearly 300,000 seniors nationwide—

reported smoking pot more often than once every couple days, and only 29 percent reported having done even a single joint over the month before final graduation, when they were polled by NIDA.

The perceived decline in potsmoking among high-school students has been enormous over the last two years. In 1979 nearly 40 percent of all seniors qualified as "current" potsmokers, while 11 percent qualified as "daily" smokers: kids who admitted smoking more than 20 joints over the last month before graduation. Over the last four years, though, potsmoking

among seniors has been seen to greatly decline, along with the use of every other category of intoxicating drug, except for alcohol, which has remained steady.

The coordinators of the NIDA youth-doping poll, Dr. Lloyd Johnston and Dr. Gerald Bachman of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, offer several possible reasons for the decline in teenage pot use. "We are past certain national crises, like Vietnam and Watergate, which so alienated our younger generations," speculates Johnston. Also, "a serious recession has had its own sobering influence

on youth."

School kids since 1979 have also been exposed to an unprecedented amount of "drug education and prevention" programs in school, most of them dwelling on the hypothetical health hazards of marijuana. While much of this material has been nothing but dusted-off reefer-madness propaganda—long-disproven myths about marijuana causing brain damage, impairing the immune system, causing cancer and impotence—it's obviously had a considerable impact. The number of 16-to-18-year-old seniors who believe that chronic marijuana smoking may make people sick has risen markedly since 1979, when this sustained antimarijuana campaign was initiated.

Whether this anxiety about marijuana's possible adverse health effects has contributed to a drop in overall exposure of teenage kids to marijuana, though, is questionable. In last year's NIDA survey, for the first time, seniors were asked to report if they ever had smoked marijuana at the rate of 20 joints or more per month, and to designate at what age they had done so. It turned out that 20 percent had already been through a period of daily pot use well before their graduation year.

Some 60,000 seniors in the class of 1982 had been daily potsmokers at some time in their lives, and then had abandoned it. Most of them, it turned out, had gone through this daily phase about 1980, when they were tenth-graders.

It would appear, then, that despite all this lurid "education and prevention" material about marijuana (or maybe because of it), a great number of high-school kids do smoke enough marijuana to get bored with it. It's been ob-

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KIDS HEED ADVICE OF DRUG USERS

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS IN KANAWHA County, West Virginia, say they put more trust in advice from experienced drug users than they do in advice from educators, counselors, physicians or even their own families, according to a poll taken last year by the Kanawha County Community Council. County research director David Harmon polled 708 students in the eighth and eleventh grades, half male and half female. Nearly half—40 percent—rated people who had experience with drugs as their most dependable source of advice; only 22 percent trusted advice from their own parents and just over 1 percent trusted the advice given them in school by teachers.

County Superintendent Robert Kittle promptly promised the local media, when the poll results were released this year, that he would initiate intensive "drug education and prevention" programs in the Kanawha schools. Researcher Harmon, however, pointed out that Kanawha County is already known to be within 5 percent of the national average for incidence of teenage drug use—no better or worse off than anywhere else, regardless of education and prevention, or the lack of it. Harmon says that the next step ought to be to run the same poll in schools that have had drug-advice programs for some time, and see how the students there have responded to these programs.

School-age doping, Superintendent Kittle

emphasized, is "a community problem—not (exclusively) a school problem." In this he was supported by other statistics from the Kanawha poll, which showed that school property was the very last place kids do intoxicants. "Friends' homes" was the likeliest spot, followed by "cars" and then "the street."

Nearly half of all students had done "marijuana or tranquilizers" before age 14, the poll showed, and about the same percentage had drunk alcohol before age 13. A very few—51 out of all 708—had ever tried inhalants, but 71 percent of those had tried them before age 13. Almost three-quarters of all the kids said they had ready access to marijuana (as opposed to nearly 90 percent with access to alcohol), and just over half claimed they could get their hands on some cocaine.

A majority of the kids, asked for their motive in doing intoxicants of any sort, checked "get pleasure, feel good and get high." About one out of five students had tried dope out of peer pressure, and a slightly smaller number did it as a gesture of rebellion. A much greater proportion, though—about one out of every three—said they had tried dope simply to satisfy their curiosity about it.

Few notable differences were seen between boys and girls in terms of doping behavior, except for this one thing: whereas nearly half of all girls said they had used intoxicants at least once, to alleviate emotional stress, only about one-fourth of all boys had ever gotten high for that reason. **HT**

HASH PRICES PLUMMET IN ISRAEL

ACTIVE TRAFFIC WITH OCCUPIED LEBANON SPURS RESURGENCE IN SMUGGLING TRADE

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

THE PRICE OF HASHISH HAS been dropping steadily here ever since Israeli troops invaded Lebanon more than a year ago. Pounds of the blond, flaky cannabis product that sold for \$1,000 before the invasion now go for as little as \$500 in most black markets, mainly because of the vastly increased traffic in and out of occupied territory.

Tons of hash and scores of smugglers have lately been hauled in by various police operations, but prices continue to drop. "We feel like Sisyphus," Yehezkel Carthy, the erudite head of special investigations for the Israeli National Police, recently told a *New York Times* correspondent. "We catch and catch and catch and put in prison, and they continue to use drugs."

Authorities recently captured 34 members of a smuggling ring, allegedly headed by a Druse officer in the Israeli army and said to be the biggest dopering ever cracked here. The scam, officials say, was to load the hash into empty water and gasoline tanks that were being hauled back across the Israeli border. They would then be "off-loaded" before being refilled for the trip back north.

Most of the hashish is still produced in the Syrian-controlled Bekaa valley in the northeastern quarter of Lebanon, but this valuable psychoactive substance tends to find its own way to market. Military hostilities have wrecked the Lebanese economy, leaving most of the native population desperate for any sort of financial gain. Israeli authorities tend to blame the laxity of Lebanese cops for the influx of Bekaa hashish,

but it's doubtful that the Lebanese constabulary, given the social chaos they now have to contend with, could do anything about it anyway. Farmers carry the stuff under loads of produce, and desperately enterprising gangs toss plastic sacks of it over the border to fellow conspirators on the Israeli side.

Hashish is now so ubiquitous in the promised land that most savvy tourists can pick up a four-gram finger for about \$12 American. **HT**

At the busy Israel-Lebanon border, an Israeli soldier (right) searches the handbag of a Lebanese woman employed at an Israeli factory. Inside Lebanon, a tobacco buyer from Israel (below) inspects the wares of Lebanese farmers for export back to his country. Extensive trade of this sort provides excellent cover for smuggling.



Wide World Photos



Wide World Photos

DRUGS-GAMBLING INVESTIGATORS SUSPECT KENTUCKY BLUE BLOODS

by Mark Swain

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

IN FLORIDA, ACCORDING TO federal drug agents, it's quite customary to see cocaine traffickers lined up before the deposit windows of little fly-by-night banks, hefting large suitcases literally stuffed to bursting with fifty and hundred-dollar bills. Though federal banking regulations ordain that any cash transaction involving more than \$10,000 must be reported on a special Internal Revenue Service form, many bankers can be easily bribed out of it by a cut, often of a dollar for every hundred they launder. So it no longer surprises feds to see tellers weighing U.S. currency by the pound at the behest of nervous men with suitcases—although when one such customer last year, at the All American Bank of Miami, turned out to be the governor of the state of Kentucky (making \$1.3 million in unreported withdrawals), that did shake them up a little.

"I operate in cash, which is my right," insists Governor John Y. Brown, 49, currently the target of a "Banco"-type investigation by a Florida federal grand jury. "I worked hard for my money, I made it legally and I paid the taxes on it. If I want to take it out in wheelbarrows, that's my business. It's my money and I can do with it what I want."

As to where all that cash money was going, Governor Brown indicates that he had lost it all gambling—a "recreational" vice to be expected of the governor of the horse-trotting state in the country. "Sometimes I forgot I was governor and had some fun," he admits, "but I never made a bet I couldn't afford."

But Brown, formerly president of Kentucky Fried Chicken, maintains some associations that the U.S. Justice Department finds extremely interesting. Specifically, his dealings with one



Gov. John Y. Brown

James P. Lambert, an old college chum, have aroused substantial curiosity. Lambert, who once owned the South American rights to Kentucky Fried Chicken, was later president of a company that bought the Lum's restaurant chain from Caesar's World Inc., (the casino giant), and then peddled it to Governor Brown. Authorities say Lambert was in partnership with Brown and former NFL superstar Paul Hornung in the ownership of a Cincinnati nightclub; and that Lambert was instrumental in moving "millions" of dollars between Lexington to Vegas on Brown's behalf. (Vegas money washing is even more popular than the bribing of bank managers in the fast lane of the criminal underworld.)

Governor Brown insists that all that money just represents his dabbling in "social betting." He recalls that he once won so much at backgammon from a Southern California businessman that they had to use the Horse-shoe Casino in Vegas as medi-

ator in the transfer of hundreds of thousands of dollars. As for Lambert, the governor professes to miss him deeply. "Jimmy Lambert's my friend and I don't want to turn my back on him," pledges Brown, adding, "I've never seen him do anything illegal, but we haven't been close the last four or five years."

Anything illegal? "Certainly he had never done anything illegal in my presence," says Brown, who is also a lawyer. But has Lambert done anything illegal? The governor says he "would be surprised" to learn such a thing.

Federal authorities wouldn't be surprised at all to learn that J.P. Lambert was a criminal, if they only knew where to find him. After wiretapping his \$130,000 home here (bought from Governor Brown) and watching it for a year, the feds say they turned up considerable evidence of cocaine, gambling and various other sorts of corruption. "Businessmen, politicians, sports figures, reporters, horse owners, breeders, vet-

erinarians, trainers and jockeys, former police officers and a number of young women"—all these sorts of people have reason to be worried, the feds insinuate, if they ever get their hands on J.P. Lambert and start him talking.

Last summer, after compiling a tolerably thick indictment, federal investigators raided Lambert's townhouse here, turning up cocaine and guns and assorted documents indicating illegal gambling. But Lambert was nowhere on the premises. Since other documents seized in the raid included confidential law-enforcement memos to Governor Brown—from Neil Welch, in fact, an ex-FBI agent the governor had hired to run the whole Kentucky Justice Department—authorities suspect that Lambert may have been tipped to the impending raid by someone high in state government.

Also raided, on the same occasion, was the home of Arnold Kirkpatrick, proprietor of Spendthrift Farm, the Derby stud stable. Coke and guns turned up at Kirkpatrick's place too, according to the cops.

The cops also say they can show that Gov. John Y. Brown was a pretty frequent visitor to the home of J.P. Lambert, that he was partners with Lambert in that Cincinnati nightclub and that Brown and his wife, in fact, took in Louisville's fashionable Churchill Downs with Lambert just last year. But Governor Brown is not under investigation at the present time—at least not in the state of Kentucky.

In fact, after Lexington TV station WKTY began broadcasting news about all this business last spring, they were promptly picketed by horsewoman Anita Madden, a high-society chum of the governor's. The reporter who worked on the story, Sally Denton, was threatened by undisclosed parties, police say. And finally, WKTY-TV abolished the practice of doing "investigative" news reports at all, because their liability insurance didn't cover that nonsense. **MT**

POT BURN IGNITES EVIDENCE-BIN SCANDAL

LAKE CITY, FLORIDA

THE POT BURN HAD TO BE held up for an hour so that a scribe from the *Lake City Reporter* could get to the burn site at the county dump, as prescribed by the courts. Judges in North Florida and South Georgia have formally ordained that news reporters should always be on hand at pot burnings, even though the incineration of huge quantities of evidence-weed around the Okefenokee has become so commonplace nowadays, there's rarely anything exciting to report.

At first this pot burn looked as boring and routine as any other, reported the *Reporter's* Bill Graf last spring: "a seemingly minor, innocent event dramatizing the breadth of illegal drug trafficking in North Florida." A county sheriff's pickup truck—stacked with cardboard cartons of pot, coke and 'ludes, plus a few pecks of uprooted homegrown—sat next to a van stuffed with plastic-wrapped smuggler bales, backed up to the big hole gouged out of the landfill by the county Caterpillar. The sheriff's chief investigator, Larry Daughtery, was on hand, along with a state inspector from the Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco, and there were a couple of jailers and a trustee from the Columbia County Jail to do the heavy lifting—just a bunch of guys standing around in the humidity.

Once the court-ordered press witness was finally on hand, the heavy lifters commenced hauling the bales out of the van, ripping them open with a knife and pitchforking the dry, herbaceous material out of them into the ditch. And this is where something peculiar occurred to Graf's experienced eye.

"Much of the marijuana looked like marijuana," Graf recalled in the *Reporter* a couple weeks later, after all hell had broken loose. "Seedy,

leafy, full of stems. Other bales, however, didn't look like marijuana I had seen before: rather, something like compost, the stuff used in sprucing up flower beds. In fact, as this strange-looking substance was being thrown in the pit, I commented to some of those standing beside me, all lawmen: 'Gee, that's the strangest-looking pot I've ever seen.'"

This, in fact, was precisely why circuit-court magistrate Wallace Jopling had ordered that a media witness attend this dope burn, whether it was news or not. The Sheriff's Department of Columbia County (or "Colombian County," as some local folks have taken to calling it) was already under investigation by the DEA, the FBI and the state cops, on suspicion of "drug-related" malfeasances.

So reporter Graf plucked a handful of this dubious vegetable matter from the 650 pounds of "evidence" on hand, looked at it closely (he does

not say whether he smelled it) and again loudly voiced his reservations about it. But no one paid any attention. "Marijuana growers are always breeding new hybrids," the court-ordained press witness reflected to himself. "Pot dealers often sell something less than the real McCoy," he reasoned. (Garden mulch?) So at length he tossed his handful back in the pit and it was all duly burned and bulldozed over—650 pounds of possible evidence of crime in the Columbia County Sheriff's Department.

Luckily, some parties at the burn site later quietly reported their own suspicions to the state police, and Sheriff Steve Spradley was obliged to open his evidence bin for inspection. Sure enough, several bales from different pot seizures had been wholly or partially replaced with commercial garden mulch. Moreover, it turned out that the four bales lately lent to Spradley's office from neighboring

Hamilton County, for investigative purposes, had been returned to Jasper in the form of mulch.

Immediately, the two county jail flunkies in charge of the evidence bin were fired by Shurf Spradley, under circumstances which suggested he suspected them of underhanded evildoing. But he did not fire his chief investigator, Larry Daughtery, who had watched all that bogus boo go up in smoke at the county dump. "Hindsight, you should of stopped and said, 'Good God!'" Spradley speculated to the *Reporter*. "But that's not something you think about, something being wrong."

Maybe Judge Jopling will ordain that the next Columbia County pot burn be witnessed by professional weed-moving convicts from federal prison, who know what pot looks and smells like and have no reason to fear the consequences of fingering local cops for narcotics corruption. **HT**



DIXIE POP: When authorities gained entry into this twin-engine plane at Dannelly Airport in Montgomery, Alabama, in August, they unveiled 815 pounds of lab-grade, freshly imported cocaine—far and away a record for seizures in Alabama. Those gentlemen gloating over the duffel bags of blow are U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration agents who also busted one man at the plane and six more people at a motel in Montgomery. The press was told the narcs were led to the aircraft by a "suspicious airport worker," but that can't be the whole story; even in 1983, the suspicions of a worker do not constitute probable cause for a search.

Wide World Photos

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

NAVY MAKES GRAND CLAIMS OF SUCCESS WITH PISS TEST

DUBIOUS DATA SHOWS GAINS AGAINST POT

by Dean Latimer

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

THE USE OF DRUGS BY U.S. NAVY PERSONNEL—on at least one naval base—was exactly 400 percent higher one year ago than it is currently, freshly released information reveals. The brass are giving credit for this resounding victory over dope use to the EMIT urinalysis tests which the navy bought last year (at \$2,900 apiece) from the Syva Company of Palo Alto, a subsidiary of the multinational drug company, Syntex. Meanwhile, Syntex stock is flourishing on the New York Stock Exchange, creeping upward through the mid-50s toward 60.

"It's not a downward trend, it's a sharp drop," pointed out a piss-test administrator at the Whidbey Island Naval Air Station near here, developer of these statistics. Last year, when the first wave of EMIT drug-urinalysis tests swept the Whidbey installation, they chalked up a horrifying 44 percent positive rate among the 126 personnel who were subjected to them. No fewer than 60 personnel, that is, were decreed by the EMIT to have absorbed THC (the active ingredient in marijuana) at some indeterminable time within two hours to two months before they were tested. Piss-test administrator Bob Gardner, chief of the Whidbey base police, affirmed to the Whidbey *News-Times* that all these personnel faced disciplinary action and punishment by up to five years' hard labor and dishonorable discharges. In subsequent tests, he told reporters, the incidence of urine drug positives (of all drugs too, not just marijuana) plummeted down through 30 percent, through 13 percent, to barely 11 percent—in less than one year.

"All the positive results were in the low-pay grades," *News-Times* reporter Sarah Gorton assured readers, "and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. Young men in the low-pay rates have continued to have the highest percentage of positive results."

Gorton did not indicate in her *News-*

Times report whether police chief Gardner ever informed her that, by navy policy, virtually no personnel older than 24 are ever piss-tested for pot; and that it's extremely rare for personnel under 24 to rise up out of the "low-pay grades." Nor did she mention inquiring how many piss tests were given after the first 126, in order for Gardner to cook up this encouraging bottom-line figure of 11 percent positives.

She did, however, furnish an excellent venue for Gardner's uplifting sermonizing. "A lot of the percentage we get every month involve people we've seen before for the same offense. The navy is in the process of making them unemployed. If you use drugs and we catch you, regardless of how, you can be absolutely sure that we're going to arrest you, and you can be absolutely sure we're going to prosecute you. The key word is 'zero tolerance.' A navy career is incompatible with drug use, any drug use."

He got his key word, Gardner said, from Admiral Thomas Hayward, whose dictum on all drug use is: "Not on my watch, not in my navy." And that, Gardner affirmed, is "the way it's going to be."

Ordinarily, of course, bottom-rate personnel who get "caught" by EMIT piss tests don't get arrested or prosecuted at all, since they simply agree to accept a "captain's mast" penalty: participation in a "drug education and prevention program," most often. However, the ever-increasing number of service personnel who have been falsely accused of "drug use" by these inaccurate piss-test devices have begun banding together to raise civil and military class-action lawsuits against them.

With the incidence of doping in uniform dropping by a factor of 400 percent every year, though, the navy should shortly be able to declare total victory in its war on drugs and discontinue piss-testing entirely. Then Syntex stock may take a moderate drop on the NYSE. **HT**

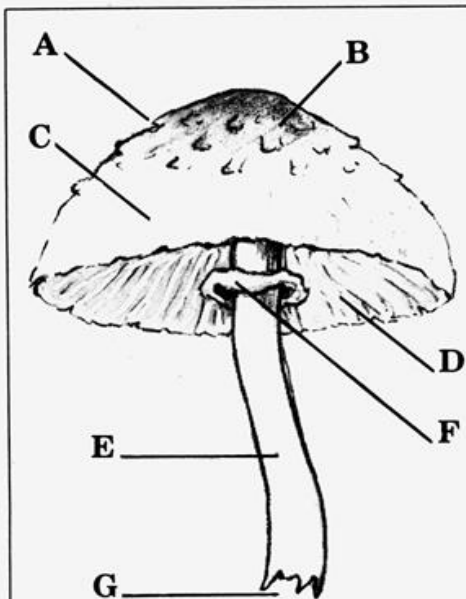
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NEW 'SHROOM

/ continued from page 19

by eating this white mushroom one can reach the realm of visuals without great heights of intoxication. The experience was quite impressive, [considering] the small amount taken."

The precise elements in this new mushroom which produce the high are unre-



Peele's Lepiota

- The center of the cap is slightly scaly.
- The cap is light brown in the center.
- The rim is pure white.
- The gills are pure white and not connected to the main center stalk.
- The stalk is pure white.
- The superior annulus ring is white or very faint brown.
- When bruised here, or anywhere else, the mushroom turns beet red.



Poison Amanita

Always dig up the base of any white-gilled mushroom and check for this cup-like structure. This is known as the volva, and would indicate the Amanita. The most deadly mushrooms are in this family. Peele's Lepiota does not have this volva structure.

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vealed as yet. Jeremy Bigwood, to date, has simply revealed that the mushroom definitely does not contain psilocybin; the nature of what it *does* contain will have to await the publication of Bigwood's paper on the subject.

Since so relatively few people have ever done this 'shroom, it doesn't even have an agreed-on popular name yet. "Powerhouses" are what a Florida college student—who'd been turned on to them by an older friend, five years previous to Peele's discovery—told Peele he called them. This student equated five powerhouses with a standard LSD trip.

Peele, a veteran mushroom hunter himself, counsels people to take reasonable care of themselves when seeking mushrooms on private property in Florida. The steadily increasing popularity of psilocybin over the last decade has brought thousands of people out into Florida farmsteads each season to look for psilocybin 'shrooms, and the discovery of powerhouses is liable to bring out even more. But local farmers, Peele cautions, tend not to appreciate scores of 'shroom hunters traipsing all over their private property after every rainstorm.

On the other hand, if 'shroom hunters will simply ask farmers politely for permission to go over their cow pastures, many farmers will grant it. It's probably best to specify that one is seeking "mushrooms," though, not "blueberries" or "strawberries," since Peele says most farmers know exactly what people are looking for. Some farmers accordingly expect a fee for the privilege.

Peele has met some interesting mushroom hunters in his day. One's a 70-year-old man who's been doing wild psilocybin since the 1930s—approximately 20 years before *Psilocybe cubensis* mushrooms were officially "discovered" by U.S. mycologists in Mexico, where their use was supposedly restricted to traditional Indian religious ceremonies. This 70-year-old man tells Peele that he himself was turned on to psilocybin in his youth by various older people who'd been doing magic mushrooms long before him.

Another interesting party was a 74-year-old woman who would go out into cow pastures with her 14-year-old granddaughter. Since this woman was extensively crippled with arthritis, she would merely point to the proper 'shrooms with her cane and the girl would harvest them for her. "Then, after she took the *cubensis*," relates Peele, "within just a couple hours she'd be able to shell butter beans for that night's supper."

Thanks to Peele's observations, some scientists are now analyzing *Psilocybe cubensis* to determine whether it may contain any pain-relieving, inflammation-reducing compounds. The possibility that the magic 'shroom could offer a natural

form of antiarthritis medication is nearly as exciting as Peele's discovery of a whole new species of magic mushrooms in his *Lepiota* powerhouses.

As to powerhouse mushrooms, it's entirely possible that they might be successfully cultivated from spores on laboratory culture media, as psilocybin can be. And it happens that the Florida Mycology Research Center offers the world's largest spore bank, plus extensive literature on mushrooms of all sorts and mushroom cultivation techniques and technology. Details are available from Stephen Peele at the FMRC for \$3 per catalog. **HT**

KIDS & DRUGS

/ continued from page 20

served for years that most people of any age who try pot for the first time, and like it, tend to binge out on it for a couple of months, before either abandoning it or settling into a pattern of much more moderate, infrequent use. It can be deduced from these Ann Arbor figures that the age of introduction to marijuana is now younger—14 to 15—and that by the time kids are ready to graduate, nearly all of them who have smoked pot have already pretty much given it up.

These statistics ought to reassure people who fear that once kids get their hands on pot, they're somehow compelled to burn themselves out with compulsive, extended overindulgence. Since the use of all other sorts of drugs is dropping among seniors, they also seem to refute the notion that marijuana leads to other drugs.

The Johnston-Bachman annual youth poll for NIDA—"Monitoring the Future," it's called—has been criticized, since its inception in 1978, for "underrepresenting" real youth-doping figures. They only poll seniors in the final month before graduation, it's charged, and so if drug use actually causes a lot of kids to drop out of school before graduation, then the NIDA poll isn't showing the true horrors of dope for youth. Dr. Johnston, in response, merely points out that the percentage of kids dropping out of school before graduation has stayed steady at 15 percent of each year's class since well before 1975. If drug use had ever caused any substantial increase in high-school dropouts, then that 15 percent figure would have been much higher in 1979 than in 1975.

The poll has also been criticized for possibly overrepresenting real youth-doping figures. Since only seniors are polled, in their final month before graduation—a traditionally heavy party time for the kids involved—the NIDA poll, it's said, probably overstates the exposure of youth to drugs. The pollsters have not commented publicly on this possibility. **HT**

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We Told You So

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

Har-har-har. It's great to see some of the issues HIGH TIMES has been touting for years, such as the politics of paraquat and DEA snakes-in-the-grass, finally passing Establishment Media muster. Most recent addition to the list is this discovery, bannered on the front page of the *New York Daily News* some weeks back: \$250-MILLION MARIJUANA CROP HERE. I love it. Even the *New York Post's* sensation mongers couldn't top that one, and didn't try.

The *News's* exclusive story and its quarter-billion-dollar estimate were derived from the state commissioner of agriculture, NORML and, of course, the fuzz. The article even mentioned that estimates this high for pot production in New York State had come from NORML earlier, but had generally been dismissed by the media as exaggerated.

The *News's* story, and the numerous other satellite stories that appeared later, were ignited by several upstate busts. While the dozen or so arrests for growing pot didn't compare to the California-style, grower-cop confrontations that have shaped up over the years, it was a pretty good indication to media sleuths that New York had, at last, arrived as a pot-growing state.

The curious fact of the matter is that the Northeast, specifically the mountainous areas of New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, have for some years been turning out some of the finest sinsemilla in the country. Good potgrowing areas, like good wine-grape areas, are randomly distributed around the country. There seem to be three distinct, principal regions: the Northeast, the West Coast and the south central Midwest, including Kentucky, Arkansas and Tennessee. Good pot is produced almost everywhere else, it's true, but generally speaking, these areas yield more consistently top-grade sinsemilla than, say, Florida, Arizona or Minnesota.

New Yorkers are finally finding this out. Woodstock, considered prime growing turf because of its liberal attitudes, good vibes and federal parks, has become a flourishing center for growers who come into town to swap stories and load up their four-wheel drives with fish emulsifier.

Whether the quarter-billion-dollar figure is on the money is anybody's guess. On the other hand, it is easy to believe that a million New York State residents could each pay \$250 a year for sinsemilla grown here. One of last year's strongest contenders for the HIGH TIMES pot award in the sinsemilla category was grown in Westchester County, New York—such an explosive weed that it went around disguised as Hawaiian until the boastful grower spilled the beans. It sold for up to \$300 an ounce, and the 30 pounds or so that were harvested disappeared like rain in the desert.

And Elsewhere... In Botswana, of all places, police are stepping up activity against lude smugglers. It appears Quaaludes are quite popular in South Africa, but first pass through Botswana on their way from pharmaceutical factories in India. They bring the very high price of \$12 a tab on the streets of South Africa.

Next door, in Ghana, authorities are cracking down on pot smuggling. Again, the reefer comes from India. The favored way of smuggling there is for young women to tie the pot around their bodies and sneak it in under loose dresses. Most of this weed is bound for South Africa.

Busted mouse... Cops in Park Forest South, Illinois, frustrated at repeated invasions of their marijuana evidence locker, found that a mouse was nightly invading their stash. They baited a trap with a sinsemilla bud and found the mouse dead the next day, "with some of the pot still in his mouth." Said one cop, "That mouse probably still doesn't know he's dead." Pure cop humor.

Be a HIGH TIMES Stringer: ... If you have fascinating questions about your parents' dope habits, your kids' dope habits, your cops' dope habits, write to us and ask them. All will be revealed!

But especially, we need TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTES from every locale in the world. So, whether you're working an oil rig in the North Sea or saving souls in Botswana, drop us a line (no pun intended), and we'll repay the favor by publishing your very own stats in the magazine.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	a trickle	oz	70-90
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	oz	125
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
Mexican tops	making the rounds	lb	2800-3600
		oz	50-85
		lb	450-650
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	gm	15
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	oz	260
		gm	15
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	lb	3250
		gm	25
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	375
		oz	200
Hash	red Leb	oz	175-200
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	blots from England	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
		lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
		lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3500

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
		kilo	1000-2000
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	60-120
		kilo	1200-2200
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	6-10
Cocaine base		lb	70-100
Cocaine	lots	oz	2-4
	pure as the driven snow	lb	40-60
LSD	traded for blow	gm	negotiable
		one	25-40
		5	

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
		lb	175
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	oz	10
		lb	90
Sinse	northern grown, sativa	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	15
		lb	150
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	gm	30-50
Methaqualone	much pharmaceutical, okay	ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality mesh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stony	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghani hash	greenish black, fummy	oz	175-200
		gm	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	oz	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Tampa, Fla.	strong, red & brown lumbo	lb	585
San Francisco	mandala blotter acid, great	1000's	400
Toronto	dusty Leb hash, zzzzz	oz	185
Burlington, Vt.	Mexican sinse sold as domestic sinse, still good	oz	160
Provincetown, Mass.	Colombian ounces, much in demand	oz	85
New York City	early sinse, okay, but blockbusters still out	oz	200
Washington, D.C.	okay toot, lots around	gm	115

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	season peaking	oz	175-250
		lb	1600-2200
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	oz	50-75
Top-grade Mexican	gold and green	lb	500-800
Jamaican	sinses	oz	110-140
		lb	1100-1650
Jamaican sinsemilla	negligible supply	oz	45-65
Commercial Colombian	erratic	lb	450-550
Primo Colombian	good, off-season stock	oz	100-160
		lb	1000-1450
	top-flight gold	oz	60-65
		lb	560-675
		oz	75-85
		lb	675-750

Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25
		oz	180-225
Loose Thai	unusual glut	oz	160-200
		lb	1300-2000
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	110-140
		lb	900-1100
Black Afghani hash	fresh, gummy	oz	140-190
Paki hash	slabs	lb	1550-2000
	bits and pieces	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried, lots of pieces	oz	175
Peyote	hard to find	lb	1600
LSD	many varieties	one	10
		one	3-5
Cocaine	prices dipping, big supply	gm	150-300
		oz	100-200
		lb	350-400
Methaqualone	South American pharmaceuticals	ea	2000-285C
		100	10-20
Meth-amphetamine	biker's best	gm	300-500
		gm	75-110

Alaska

Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	50-65
Domestic sinsemilla	'tis the season	lb	550-650
Mexican weed		1/4 oz	50
		oz	200
Mainland sinsemilla	most available	oz	50-65
Thai sticks	immigrant flow	lb	500-600
Lebanese hash	timberland	oz	225-300
		lb	2000-2750
		one	20
		lb	2400-265C
		gm	10
	big mover	oz	130-200
Cocaine	are you shitting me?	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
LSD	blots	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
		lb	2200-275C
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	225-275
LSD	fresh from the lab	lb	2400-300C
Mushrooms	for cheap	one	2-4
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm	free
		oz	75-125
Amphetamines	over the counter from S.A.	one	2050-3000
		one	2

NICOTIANA TABACUM

**AKA: Tobacco, sot weed, cigarettes, coffin
nails, butts, squares, smokes, fags, cancer
sticks, snuff, chawbaccy, cigars, stogies,
cheroots, etc., etc., etc.**

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by
David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury
Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use
of any psychoactive substances.

CHARGES

Tobacco in the form of cigarettes is the most addictive substance on earth.¹ Nicotine is a deadly poison. Tobacco causes cancer, a variety of fatal lung disorders, gastrointestinal disorders and allergic reactions. Tobacco smoke in the air can be dangerous to nonsmokers. Cigarette smoking by pregnant women can cause premature birth, spontaneous abortion, stillbirth and neonatal death.²

NATURE AND USE

Tobacco was used ceremonially in pre-Columbian America for over 2,000 years. Its use was carried to Europe by early explorers and entrepreneurs; in fact, Sir Walter Raleigh may have sent the first boatload of tobacco across the Atlantic. The active ingredient, nicotine, acts by stimulating and blocking nerve receptor sites, chemical receptors in some arteries and thermal and pain receptors in the skin and tongue. It also increases electrical activity in part of the brain.

Highly controversial, its use was denounced by both church and state. It was forbidden in the 17th century in England, and, at times, conviction for selling it carried a death penalty. Tobacco varies greatly in form and can be smoked in cigarettes, pipes and cigars, chewed, absorbed through the gums or snorted.

Nicotine is absorbed through the entire respiratory tract, oral and nasal mucosa, the gastrointestinal tract and even through the skin. Up to 90 percent of inhaled nicotine is absorbed by the lungs.² Nicotine is a highly toxic poison and has been used as an insecticide. Like PCP, tobacco can act as both a

stimulant and a depressant. It can increase respiration, heart rate and blood pressure while decreasing appetite. Both tolerance and dependence develop rapidly, but chronic users usually stabilize their intake at some point in their addiction. Because tobacco shrinks blood vessels, cigarettes have sometimes been used to decrease bleeding of battlefield wounds.

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Besides nicotine, tobacco contains a number of potentially harmful tars, gases and other irritants, including carbon monoxide and hydrogen cyanide. Nearly everyone who starts smoking tobacco becomes addicted. Withdrawal symptoms include nervousness, restlessness, sleep disturbance, sweating, reduced heart rate and blood pressure, inability to concentrate, compulsive eating, headaches and severe irritability. The nicotine craving, or drug hunger, may continue for life. Overdoses usually occur before tolerance sets in and are not considered serious. Symptoms include dizziness, nau-

sea and difficulty in breathing. This should not be confused with acute nicotine poisoning where concentrations of nicotine have been absorbed. Acute poisoning is serious and must be dealt with by health professionals.

Most of the adverse effects are the result of long-term chronic use. These include heart disease; obstructive lung and bronchial disease, cancer, noncancerous mouth disease, gum and jawbone deterioration, gastrointestinal disease, anorexia—eating disorders—and allergic reactions. Tobacco smoke in the air can have an adverse effect on nonsmokers. Smoking by pregnant mothers can have all the effects listed in "Charges."

The most obvious chronic effect of smoking is that it greatly diminishes the sense of taste and smell.

The American Cancer Society estimates that smoking two packs a day can decrease life expectancy by 8.3 years. The cancer death rate for male smokers is double that of nonsmokers.³ There are many more statistics just as dire. It is generally agreed that cigarette smoking is bad

for your health. However, tobacco is a multi-billion-dollar industry that lobbies for the continuing acceptance of its use and against any attempts at regulation.

FIRST-AID PLUS

Smoking overdose can be ameliorated with fresh air and lying down. There have been rare cases of acute poisoning where people have eaten tobacco by mistake or absorbed concentrated nicotine in insecticides or as a part of a folk cure for worms and constipation.⁴ Such cases are serious and should have professional emergency treatment.

There are many methods of nicotine detoxification, ranging from cold turkey to gradual withdrawal and using such means as hypnosis, analysis, positive reinforcement and special filters. People have been known to throw their cigarettes away during solo ocean voyages. The actual physical withdrawal symptoms usually go away within one to three weeks.

Of your authors, one has never smoked; the other smoked two packs a day for 25 years and quit five years ago. He still has periodic nicotine hunger, but these episodes are getting fewer and farther between.

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GENERIC SUBSCRIPTION AD

This is a no-frills generic subscription ad. It occupies the same space as fancier theme-oriented subscription ads but it saves the management of this magazine thousands of dollars that would have been wasted on motivational research, coke-numbed copywriters and temperamental designers, not to mention the ridiculous amount of money that those thieves charge for color separations these days.

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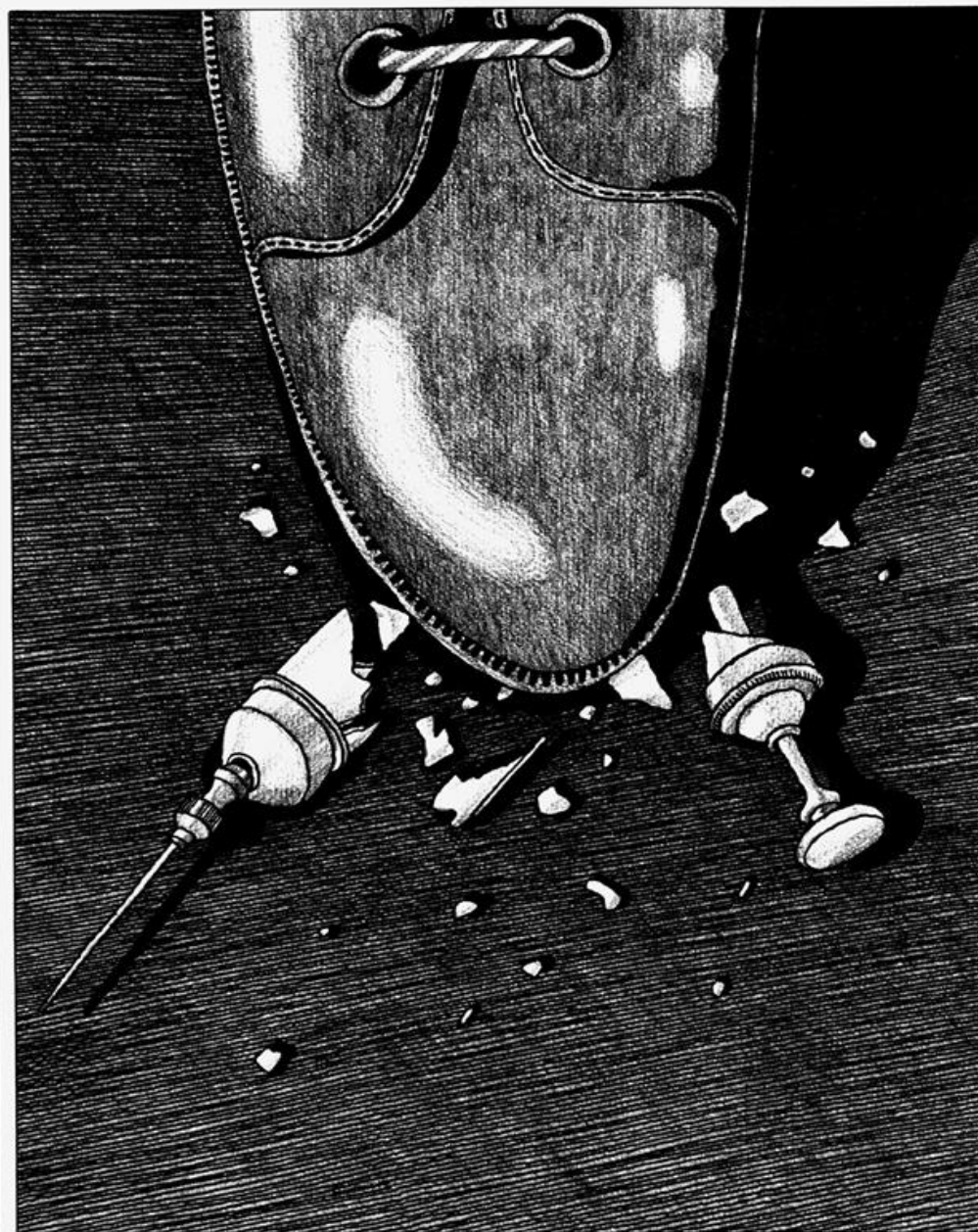
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ANTIDOPE, INC. PART II

The Conclusion



dealers out of their community—and found the police busting them all for hashish because they didn't want to lose their payoffs from the smack traders.

This month we go to France, in the person of counterculture publisher Gerard Santi, who publishes a dope magazine so wild, it stacks up very nicely next to *HIGH TIMES* itself. The French government has been sunk so deeply into Mafia corruption for so long, it seems, that no one in it dares make a big deal about a "drugs" magazine, for fear of being suspected of "protesting too much."

Great Britain is also represented, by Shawn Blanchard of the Legalise Cannabis Campaign. Currently, Britain is in the grip of a major kids-and-drugs media scare, much like the antimarijuana campaign in the United States, except that in Britain the scare drug is glue, not pot. No difference, though: the right-wingers feeding the scare stories to the media are achieving wonderful success at using their kids-and-drugs propaganda as an excuse for broadening police powers and tightening censorship restrictions.

The West Coast of America also gets a word in edgewise this time, courtesy of Bruce Anderson of Citizens against Marijuana Laws (CAML), the bouncy new free-the-weed movement striving to organize and coordinate all the dozens of grass-roots groups lobbying for local marijuana initiatives, from San Diego to Seattle, with every election that comes along. And the East Coast gets a few words from New York Yippie leader Dana Beal, who is heavy on the anti-heroin warpath nowadays. And Dean Latimer of *HIGH TIMES* kibitzes.

—Ed.

Last month it was seen how the European drug scene is pretty much exactly the same as the American drug scene, except that there's a lot more heroin around—per capita—and European public officials are even more openly corrupt, incompetent and ignorant about drugs than American officials. The drug-policy adviser to the German Greens Party,

Hans Georg Behr, told about chasing a kilo of European-bound heroin all the way from Pakistan to Israel, and taking note of all the government officials who were involved in expediting the shipment. Oli Anderson of Denmark's People against Heroin movement told how the squatters in Copenhagen's Christiania district organized to drive the heroin

HIGH TIMES: This is Gerard Santi of Paris, editor and publisher of *Viper*, which is a lot like *Zap Comix* in the States, only it also runs a lot of articles on dope and radical politics.

That takes guts in France, Gerard. Out of all the countries west of the iron curtain, France seems to have

Why are the drug laws in France and Great Britain as antiquated and unenlightened as those of the United States?

A panel of international experts searches for the answer.

by Dean Latimer

the most ignorant and least humorous official attitude toward dope, and probably the tightest censorship restrictions. Are things changing?

GERARD SANTI: In '79 Giscard's government asked for a report about the cannabis "problem" in France. It was called the "Pelletier Report"—from the name of a woman working for the government on drug issues.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, yes, she's actually very good.

SANTI: Yes. Her report was very serious—its conclusion was that hash is harmless and marijuana is harmless. The government completely ignored the report.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, that happens here all the time. Happens in Canada and Australia too. The reports always say pot is harmless, and they always get sat on.

SANTI: A few months later the Socialist party came to power. Before the elections the left-wing coalition of Socialists and Communists talked sometimes about cannabis and drug issues. A few Socialists even took positions for legalization. But the Communists were against legalization—demanding harsher sentences, even denouncing hash smokers to the police. The Socialists thought they needed the Communists to get power so they didn't want to start an official campaign. However, about eight months ago, there was an unofficial campaign which included Socialists who went throughout the country talking mainly with local police and doctors telling them not to bother hash smokers—saying that the real problem was heroin. We thought something was going to happen—then suddenly Mitterrand took a position saying that all drugs are bad, that hash leads to heroin and so on. Now we don't really know what is going to happen.

At the same time, we have great news from Spain. The Socialists and Communists have voted to make

the use of all drugs legal, any kind of drug.

DANA BEAL [representative, *Overthrow*]: What they're undoubtedly talking about is putting it into pharmacies, so that it is not as radical as it sounds.

SANTI: This has just happened, so I don't know much about it. What I do know is that they will allow up to seven hundred grams of hash or grass for personal use, which is quite a lot.

BEAL: Without any penalty? No fines?

SANTI: I don't know about that yet.

FRED CASH [California Marijuana Initiative]: Spain isn't a signatory to the Single Convention Treaty, right?

SANTI: No. There's also the strong Arab influence in Spain—it goes back to the Middle Ages. They used to make hashish; people have been smoking hash in Spain for ages. I have heard of times when Franco was in power when police would go into small villages and find marijuana plantations and wanted to confiscate it. The people couldn't understand what was wrong because they had used it for generations, smoking it; for medicine; to fertilize the ground; rope; for endless things. Politically it would be much easier than in other countries to legalize hash because it has been used by people there for so long. There are the strong connections with Morocco—a lot of hash is coming from Morocco to Spain. Then there are places like Ibiza with lots of rich freaks who like to smoke—that's important foreign currency.

HIGH TIMES: So they don't have to make a big propaganda campaign to get rid of the old propaganda campaign.

SANTI: That's right. So we have Spain; we're not sure what will happen in France. We have Amsterdam which was the main center, but is not really anymore because of currency changes. Hash in Amsterdam has become rather expensive. You can get black hash cheaper, but Lebanese and

Moroccan are cheaper in France now. Portugal may well go with Spain. There is the Portuguese connection with Angola—they have been smoking grass from Angola for years.

BEAL: The Portuguese Ministry of Justice promised it two years ago.

SANTI: Italy may follow.

HIGH TIMES: Like a domino theory for pot. There might be trouble though. A few years back, Lee Dogoloff, President Carter's special adviser on drugs, was asked what would happen if Colombia ever approved the export of marijuana. And Dogoloff said any country that violated the UN Single Treaty Convention ban on marijuana—whether they were a signatory to it or not—would immediately face an embargo on all pharmaceutical drugs produced by American drug companies. Those fuckers are *nasty*. Has anybody worked out a strategy for getting around the Single Treaty Convention?

FAGAN JONES [May Day Coalition coordinator]: There is also a flaw in the Single Convention which we are looking into: It doesn't say anything about growing marijuana in your own country. So for a signatory to legalize the growing, sale and distribution of pot only within their own boundaries would not be an infringement of the Single Convention Treaty. That's why the Single Convention is a trade agreement; it restricts international trade in certain drug commodities.

BEAL: In other words it would be possible to legalize small farmers who could be licensed to grow it. They could tax it that way—have it sold to cooperatives sponsored by cities where it would be sold over the counter.

JONES: An example of this is that in Denmark it is actually okay legally to grow marijuana as a beautiful plant, but not to smoke it—not officially. Denmark can get away with that as far as international law is concerned

because it's not breaking the Single Convention. They have gone that far because of domestic feeling, domestic politics. If the political felt it necessary, they could go further without breaking international agreements; we would like them to feel certain things necessary more often, and other things less.

OLI ANDERSON [representative, People against Heroin movement, Denmark]: The police did take action in Denmark once—they raided a few places in the country. The reason was they had evidence that pot grown in Denmark was exported to England.

HIGH TIMES: Do you get much grass from Africa in France?

SANTI: Quite a lot, but it's not really good grass. When it is good it has a lot of seeds.

BEAL: Could we send agricultural experts to the African countries to tell them how to grow it?

SANTI: We used to have Colombian grass but not since cocaine became so popular.

HIGH TIMES: Is there a lot of cocaine in France?

SANTI: More and more. And the point is that coke is starting to be a problem because a lot of newspapers and magazines talk about pot and cocaine together. They don't say a word about what is bad or good about coke, just that everybody who is "in" takes coke—politicians, journalists, fashion people, businessmen, musicians—

HIGH TIMES: For some reason cocaine just seems to catch on.

SANTI: You rarely hear about big coke busts in France but often about hash and grass.

Heroin comes mainly from Thailand. There are areas in Paris where if you go in the cafés there will be a bowl with a spoon with the coffee for the junkies. I used to live on a street in Paris which was called Drug Street, for heroin of course. It was a North African area, junkies dealing in the streets. The police know all the dealers and their connections, but they only bust the customers sometimes—or take pictures of them. They never go for the dealers. They just watch them to control the market, maybe they will bust just one every so often.

We've also got a lot of squatters in Paris. Most of the squats started at the end of the '60s. First they were controlled by the freaks. Then came the junkies. There were places every-

"In Britain the penalties [for potsmoking] fluctuate wildly, depending on where you are."

where that started to be very interesting—free music, yoga, all kinds of art. But this can't go on when there's stealing, people are dying, women are raped. Usually when things like that happen the police throw everyone out.

Now we've got a lot of places like that in Paris, where they throw people out and destroy all the houses—and turn it into a very expensive area.

HIGH TIMES: That's what they do in New York. Been going on for twenty years. The realtors used to wreck neighborhoods with porno parlors and topless joints. Now they just move in junkies, and everybody moves out and they bring in the bulldozers: urban development.

SANTI: We can prove that in France the police are deeply involved in the heroin business. I've seen for myself in the street a police car in the middle of the road with two quite famous heroin dealers beside it, and inside, a policeman counting money, five-hundred-franc notes. He must have had at least a hundred bills like that. In other areas known for being places where you can get heroin on the street you can see the peddlers right up next to the police van asking people in the street, "Hey, man, you want smack?"

BEAL: That way the police provide security.

SANTI: This is what is happening on the street. On the other hand, in the media, they carry lots of stories about how the police are fighting really hard against heroin, and how we must fight against marijuana and hash which

leads to heroin.

HIGH TIMES: Is there a lot of medical propaganda—like here—being used to bring back horror stories about cannabis, that it leads to cancer, et cetera?

SANTI: One of the latest things they put out was about how if you shoot THC oil you get addicted to it.

HIGH TIMES: Sure, maybe they should try it themselves sometime. You shoot up hash oil, you drop dead of an embolism on the spot. That stuff's not too soluble in blood.

SANTI: In France there are people like Dr. Olivenstein. He wrote several books and is one of the main propot speakers on drug issues. He runs a detoxification center in Paris. He is for decriminalization and is quite close to the problem because he has many junkies coming to his place, and he says that the number is going up and up. His center does not get any money from the government. It's a very old building, quite dirty. Most of the people who work there are old junkies who really know what the problems are.

There are other places that you can go to, one place is in the south of France. Their way of working is to make the junkies get up very early in the morning and work ten hours a day. Sometimes they use physical violence. Other places give your name to the police. There are the various Christian-type organizations trying to brainwash the junkies.

HIGH TIMES: The French don't know anything about detoxification, I hear. The government doesn't know zip about drugs or drug therapy, and there are absolutely no government programs to treat people.

SANTI: They don't let the people who really know about it say anything, or if they do they always ignore them and bring out people who say exactly the opposite. It's ironic, though, because a lot of the politicians and media people who lead the fight against pot... most of them take cocaine.

BEAL: That's what happened under Jimmy Carter. All those coke-freaks in the White House kept us from getting legal pot, even though they had promised us—

HIGH TIMES: Dana, you are just so full of shit... This is a great, lively little dope magazine you've got here, Gerard. All bouncy cartoons and stuff. What's the fun-drug scene like in France?

SANTI: Acid is becoming more popular again after seven or eight years... and mushrooms. Last year for the first time there was real sinsemilla as good as American. In the area around Avignon there has been a festival for the last four years. All the freaks come. There are a lot of communes in the area. People sell grass and hash openly. It's really like some kind of reservation... the police and the government have agreed on this policy... the police can come and take photographs.

CASH: That's like our smoke-ins.

JONES: They've adopted exactly the same policy in Britain for festivals, turned them into reservations.

SANTI: That was the position in France until a few weeks ago—but now we don't know. A few days after Mr. Mitterrand made his statement against pot a guy was busted in Montpellier where there has been no trouble at all for years. Suddenly someone is busted for thirty grams and sentenced to ten months in prison, which is incredible, outrageous. So we are wondering what is going to happen.

Usually in Paris, if you get busted with thirty grams, the police will take your name, maybe your picture and prints, confiscate the dope. If you get busted more than three times, then you can have problems. It's like that in most of the Socialist areas especially, but in the Communist and right-wing areas you can get busted for a few grams.

It's strange. In one area with five hundred grams, you might get a week in jail and a small fine. If you go into the next part of the town with just ten grams, you could be maybe one year in jail.

SHAWN BLANCHARD [representative, Legalise Cannabis Campaign, Great Britain]: It's just the same in Britain. The penalties fluctuate wildly, depending on where you are. For instance, the last time I was at Marelybone Court in central London there were eighteen possession cases. They were handing out fines of ten to twenty dollars. The lowest I've ever heard of was four dollars. But fifteen miles away, in South End, they sent someone away for four years for forty plants. It depends a lot on whether or not the judge realizes that the popular image of the pot smoker is inaccurate.

BEAL: So Thatcher's following the same drug policies as Reagan.

"In France for instance, the police are deeply involved in the heroin business."

BLANCHARD: Nobody has any official policy on drugs except for William Whitelaw who is the Home Office minister. They run through the same game as in the States. They issued a medical report on the effects of cannabis, published about a year ago, saying basically that there is absolutely nothing wrong with it, that nobody has proved that there is, saying that the penalties are too harsh and should be relaxed. Mr. Whitelaw just said, "No," and he has the power to do that. But he's the only person in the Conservative party who has issued a statement—not a policy statement—just "No," and no further argument.

The main drug scare that they have on at the moment is over glue-sniffing. It is dangerous, and most of the people getting fucked up by it are young. It's also not possible to make glue illegal, so they can keep it going as a press item practically forever.

BEAL: What kind of drugs come into Great Britain?

BLANCHARD: Basically everything. Most of the dope market is in hash, basically from places that used to be colonies, and ganja... West Indian.

There has been an increase in smack. We used to have a relatively efficient system of treatment for heroin and a maintenance system which about ten years ago was the envy of the world. This system is now totally overloaded. The number of people has doubled in three years to eight thousand, and there's an estimated thirty thousand who are not

registered, they just don't bother. The Health Minister did finally promise an extra four million to "combat drug addiction," but that's about as much as the street spends on smack in three days. There was a lot of infighting among the different groups that wanted to get the money. It actually disrupted their work.

There is a network of "non-government" drug-aid groups called the Standing Conference on Drug Abuse whose approach to the whole thing is one that the Legalise Cannabis Campaign endorses. They set this policy about eighteen months ago. It is that to abolish recreational drug use—which is what the Single Convention binds its signatories to do—is an impossible goal, and that by pursuing this impossible goal, the agencies of the world are distracted from reducing drug-related harm. The Standing Conference voted that the aim of government drug policy should be to reduce "Drug-Related Harm"... that a major step towards such a policy would be to abolish the offense of possession of cannabis for personal use... so that all those millions of dollars spent because of prohibition could be targeted elsewhere.

This would still not make it possible for a legal market to be built up. The big corporations could not take over... so this is the policy which we subscribe to.

We haven't had a "war on drugs"—we have Maggie Thatcher which is bad enough. At present, the Misuse of Drugs Act confers more powers to a cop who suspects a Misuse of Drugs Act offense than any other offense besides terrorism. Then there's the Police and Criminal Evidence bill. It has been delayed by the election—and during the last three or four months a lot of its most severe infringements on civil liberties have been taken out. For instance, the police wanted access to the files of doctors, journalists and lawyers—that's been knocked out.

HIGH TIMES: Didn't they pass a law that made it illegal to publish information about how to grow marijuana?

BLANCHARD: No. There's a test case coming up sometime this summer—last June the police raided a whole series of publishers and distributors of literature to do with drug use, like *HIGH TIMES*, the *Guide to Growing Marijuana*.

JONES: *Fat Freddie's Cat!* English customs have even seized books by

Burroughs being imported from the States. They had to let them in eventually, but there's a policy of constant harassment.

HIGH TIMES: I wrote an article on opium once for *Oui* magazine in the United States. It did go to Britain but it was confiscated. Then it showed up on British newsstands in a weird way. All wrapped up in plastic and the pages with my article on them were cut out of it.

BLANCHARD: There's a concerted effort now to make drug-related literature—particularly cannabis-related literature—declared obscene. To do that they have to have a test case, and that's what they've got.

HIGH TIMES: Is Mary Whitehouse [English right-wing media fanatic] in on this? She runs all those nutbar right-wing "decency" campaigns, banning books and magazines, closing down topless joints, getting whole TV programs canceled for smut... If that fascist prig hasn't discovered the superior advantages of antidope political agitation, she's missing out on a good thing.

BLANCHARD: Not especially. This is the police force. Mary Whitehouse, naturally she's for it.

HIGH TIMES: Has she said anything about it?

BLANCHARD: Her son got busted about four months ago, she's kept her mouth shut.

HIGH TIMES: God bless him!

BLANCHARD: Apparently he is a complete dropout. Of course all the press went and hassled her. She said, "We stand by our boy, he wouldn't do a thing like that." He pleaded guilty.

HIGH TIMES: Great. Wonderful. Oh, God bless him! Has *Viper* magazine in France had this kind of opposition?

SANTI: Yes. I have to go to the police for an interview next week. They have already interviewed my partner... actually I don't think much will come of it. At first they thought, okay, this is the druggies' magazine. But then they see articles against heroin—even against pot—so they really just don't know what we are up to.

HIGH TIMES: That's a great tactic.

SANTI: We have had opposition from the readers. Some people buy *Viper* only for the comic strips. They complain that we have too many articles about drugs. But we have changed that.

BEAL: Tell us a bit about the smoke-ins in Britain.

BLANCHARD: There is a traditional one in Hyde Park at the beginning of

"Voters are very important in anything to do with drug reform."

May organized by the Smokey Bears, near Speakers Corner. They'll draw three thousand people one year, two hundred another. They'll have hassles. A strictly private operation because you can never get official permission. **JONES:** Hyde Park belongs to the Queen—you can ride horses but you can't sing.

BLANCHARD: As a result of this, last year we put on a hundred percent legitimate "Cultural Herb Festival" in Brixton, half a mile from where the riots happened. There was not one arrest during the whole time—lower than average in that neighborhood. We had seven to ten thousand, despite the rain. To have a totally peaceful, multiracial event like that was good. At the same time we are trying to do straight politics. We are trying to get a reduction in penalties which would keep about three hundred people a year out of jail for possession. It is not officially admitted that anybody gets sent to prison in Britain for small amounts, but, in fact, there is around three hundred people a year. There was a measure which eventually got defeated in the House of Lords by twelve votes.

HIGH TIMES: You've got a Commission on Dangerous Drugs in Britain that does wonderful stuff.

BLANCHARD: Yes, the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs. They published a very good report on health effects. They did the same thing they do with all government reports. They wrote the forward in such a way that it didn't say anything effective and then they passed it up to the minister and the minister said, "No." He doesn't have to give a reason.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah, that's exactly the way it always happens here. The pro-

fessionals and academics who really know the stuff write reports saying pot's innocuous, like the National Academy of Science report last year that recommended national decrim. But the politicians who have the power to do anything just don't. They refuse to have anything to do with those reports.

BLANCHARD: Yeah, there's plenty of potsmoking politicians—and coke-snorting politicians.

BEAL: More coke-using politicians, I'm afraid.

BLANCHARD: But there are politicians who are genuinely libertarian in the sense they say let people alone—

BEAL: If only we can convince the more pragmatic politicians...

CASH:... that there's enough voters out there—

BRUCE ANDERSON [Coalition against Marijuana Laws—CAML]: Voters are very important in anything to do with drug reform. You cannot ignore that end of things. One of the things that irritates the common middle-American voters the most... people are really very pissed that some guy can go out killing people and get out of prison in six or seven years to kill again mainly because the prisons are full up with marijuana "offenders" and small-fry, while gangsters and dangerous lunatics go free.

We don't believe that going after the individual abusers of heroin can help. These people are pathetic wretches who come over begging for a dollar and say they're sick. We're shopping right now for a presidential candidate. We are looking for somebody that we can get behind; someone who can come out with a clear policy on drugs and the marijuana issue. I think we've found him but I'd rather not say. The thing is, what we don't have is money but what we do have is people. We have got a lot of people, people who have been working for a long period of time—years. They're people who would be invaluable to a presidential campaign, particularly in their home states. They know the local structure—been hassling it for years. I think things have come around full circle since 1972. There was a time when everybody just washed their hands of the entire political process and said, "Bullshit, it's a sellout, the system sucks." Now I think people are beginning to realize that this simply breeds more repression of their own lifestyles because they have no influence. People are saying, "Next time I'm going to vote for a change." □

INTERNATIONAL POT-POURRI

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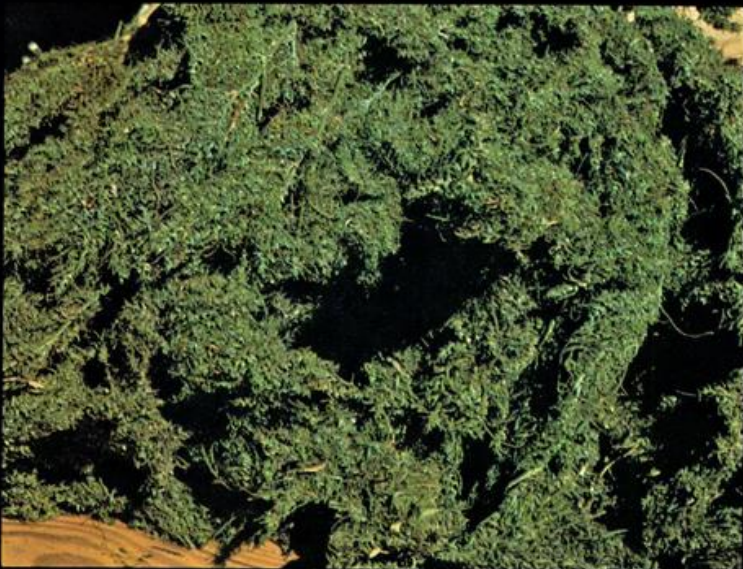
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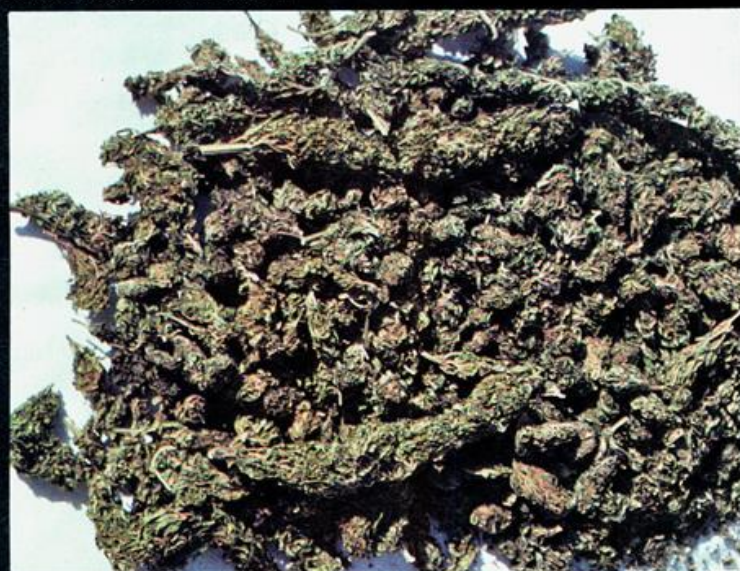
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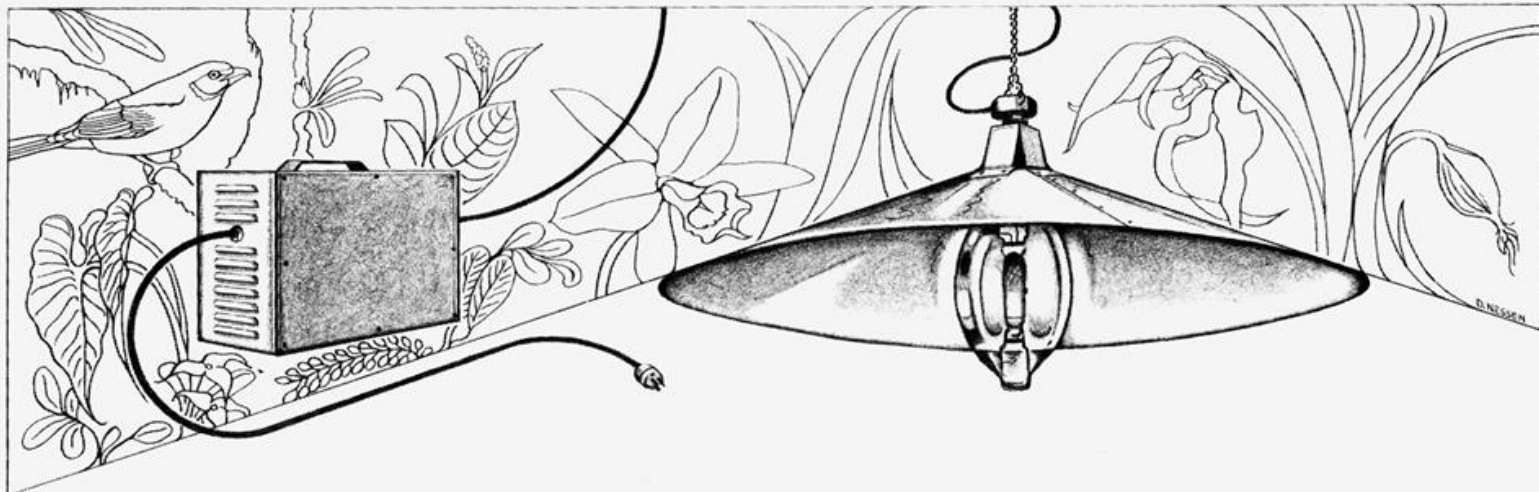


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HITLER'S OTHER SECRET DIARY

History has not been kind to Adolf Hitler, and if we can ever be sure of one thing in this cockamammy world, it's that this situation will remain more or less unchanged. So here's one for the little putz with the mustache.

by Lon Russell



Illustrations • Bob Guglielmo

Faithful readers of this magazine will recall how we ripped the lid off the pathetic "Hitler Diaries" fraud last spring. The German porn-and-prog tabloid *Der Stern* had been stupid enough to pay \$2.5 million, through one of their more nostalgic middle-aged correspondents, to a clique of ancient Obersturmbannführeren of the Schützestaffel of abominated memory, for a handwritten manuscript purported to be the personal Kampf of Der Führer himself. They said it was found in a hayloft in East Germany, to which a clutch of sensitive Nazi high-command documents had been flown out from Berlin in the last horrible moments of the war in April 1945.

And though no honest person would have leant this Grimm's fairy tale an atom of credence, Australian porn-and-prog publisher Rupert Murdoch bought the English-language rights to this forgery for his London Sunday Times, which before Murdoch, had been the world's best paper.

Since Rupert Murdoch expounds everything this magazine violently opposes—upright Anglo-Saxon moral values, the sanctity of the nuclear family, anti-Communism and busty young showgirls promoting legal gambling scams—HIGH TIMES promptly exposed the whole charade. Numerous neo-Nazis went to jail as a result, Klaus Barbie was extradited from his cocaine-



trafficking Mafia in Bolivia and Rupert Murdoch withdrew his \$7,000,000 bid to buy the HIGH TIMES logo.

In the process of our investigation of these bogus documents, however, we did come across the real *Genuine Hitler Diaries*. They were uncovered—much like the false *Genuine Hitler Diaries*—in a hayloft in East Germany. Considering that to be indisputable proof of their authenticity, we laid a kilo of Louisville Wacky Weed and a gram of home-cooked mescaline on the uncomprehending proprietor of the said hayloft, and smuggled the papers back to the States in a carton of Zig-Zags.

We apologize to our readers for the delay in publishing these other *Genuine Hitler Diaries*. We would have run them six months ago, except that the author's estate executors were still in copyright litigation with Rupert Murdoch and we didn't wish to involve ourselves with all those fascist scumbags.

But this is the real thing, honest to Wotan. Enjoy. And remember, never again!

—Ed.

Sept. 1, 1906

Dear Diary:

Mortification!! Today I thought I was going to die of embarrassment! I raised my hand at the academy to ask a question when my arm locked in place and I couldn't get it unlocked for two solid hours. I had to walk through the halls with my right arm raised up above my head and pointing forward! All the other kids began jeering, making fun of me, walking around with their arms locked up in place, too, yelling, "Hey, Hitler" and then laughing. The laughter

spread like wildfire and soon everyone was doing it. I fear this may follow me for the rest of my life! There is only one way to reestablish my anonymity, which I treasure. I am going to grow a mustache and comb my hair over and down across my forehead. Anything to divert attention from this humiliating incident.

October 1, 1913

Dear Diary:

It's been several years since I have written. I thought I had outgrown the need for you, but now I hear rumors that war is looming on the horizon and I feel desperate and need to express again my innermost thoughts. I will be writing again soon.

P.S. I grew the mustache just as I said I would, but every night when I go to sleep, someone comes in and shaves off the ends, leaving me with a silly little patch of hair right under my nose. I think it may be my new friend, Erwin Rommel, who is doing it. He is as sly as a . . . a . . . hoary marmot. Yes, I like it! I will name him after his native land and the animal he resembles most. The world will come to know Erwin Rommel as the mountain hoary marmot! Genius strikes again!

February 5, 1914

Dear Diary:

Phew! Today is my lucky day! I reported to the local draft board, but they rejected me! Ha-ha! What good fortune. How lucky can I get?! Now I will never have to participate in an armed struggle. I wonder why though? Was it personal

animosity? Were they simply out to get me again as everyone else is? To pick on me? Or did they believe my story that I was a transvestite kleptomaniac gypsy psychopath with a bad back, fallen arches and the heartbreak of psoriasis? I wonder. . .

June 28, 1914

Dear Diary:

A group of drunken college students had to go and assassinate Archduke Ferdinand. Now they did it! I will probably be held responsible, as I talked their Phys Ed teacher into giving them the day off. Look what they did! Now everyone is going to blame me for starting the First World War.

October 15, 1914

Dear Diary:

Help!!! I've been drafted!

November 17, 1914

Dear Diary:

Today I begin my ascent up the military ladder. I was given an important military assignment and advanced to the rank of corporal. My assignment, a very difficult one, is to inventory and keep track of all the coconuts in Bavaria. Diary, I secretly confess I hope I am up to this task. If I survive, it could lead to who knows where. Bananas, papayas, who knows! Today, coconuts. . . Tomorrow, the World!!

March 29, 1915

Dear Diary:

The war continues. We are bogged down in what we call "trench warfare." Everywhere, all you see is trenches, trenches upon trenches, soldiers in trenches, entrenched soldiers in trenches, soldiers in trenches wearing trench coats and suffering from trench mouth. To wrench an existence from this torrential downpour of failure is enough to wrench my guts.

November 11, 1918

Dear Diary:

The worst is over. The war has ended. We got the shit kicked out of us. Blown away. Creamed. Shut out. Stomped. Massacred. Oh, well, wait till next year.

December 12, 1919

Dear Diary:

Boy, what a life. I am stuck doing all sorts of crappy jobs for all sorts of crappy people. Hanging wallpaper, painting houses, selling Fullerstags brushes and Heinrich Hoover vacuum cleaners door to door. I think I would rather be doing anything else. When I told Eva

she replied sarcastically, "Why don't you start your own political party and rule Germany?" And then she laughed. Bitch. I must remember to keep a fresh supply of Midol on hand for her.

November 12, 1920

Dear Diary:

Well, I did it. I went out, got a few friends and bought a few uniforms. Last Friday there was a great masquerade party until several old school chums saw me and started ribbing me about the locked-arm incident of school days. Now it is worse. Everyone began laughing at the "snazzy" way we were dressed, and even now when people see us in these uniforms (someone stole our other clothes, so we will have to wear them all the time) they yell at the "snazzy party leaders" and lock their arms above their heads and laugh. I react like any normal German would. I shoot anyone who laughs.

August 26, 1921

Dear Diary:

I realize for the first time that I am destined to hold political office. I went to see a gypsy tea-leaf reader. He told me that I should enter politics, work hard and throw all of my energies into political affairs, and, if I did, someday I would become prime minister—of Canada. I have always loved the word "Saskatchewan," so politics it is!

February 2, 1922

Dear Diary:

Had a bit of bad luck. Went down to the local pub for a beer and when the chancellor of all Germany came in drunk as a skunk, claiming he could lick anyone in the house, I could not let the challenge go by unchecked, so I took him on. My plan was to move about, sticking him in the face with a jab and moving my feet in a quick step I had learned fighting on dead-end streets, kind of an "alley shuffle," as my friends called it. Too late, I saw him coming for me, and when I tried to duck he leaned over and let his tongue dart off my nose. How quickly it happened! I knew then it was true. He could lick anyone in all of Germany.

November 15, 1923

Dear Diary:

More trouble after the chancellor licked me. I guess I got a little sore (gosh, I hope it's not herpes!) and said a few nasty words. Wouldn't you know it. The government overreacted like it always does and had me arrested as a danger to the republic. Me, trying to

overthrow the government! All because I bombed a few buildings and lead a group of good-natured comrades on what they now call the "Beer Haul Putsch." Touchy, touchy!

July 3, 1924

Dear Diary:

I am still stuck in this lousy jail cell. To pass the time I have written a book, *My Struggle for Better Posture and the Elimination of Lower-Back Problems*. My dear old friend, Joseph Goebbels, now works in a publishing house. That boy is going to make something of himself in the field of communications, and he said that if he "edited" the book a little and shortened the title, it may be publishable. I hope he is telling the truth. I need cigarette money badly, and don't like having to wear high heels and a red wig in this prison to get it.

June 15, 1934

Dear Diary:

I am fighting depression all the time now. Sure, I am chancellor, president, commander-in-chief of all of Germany and a general all-around big cheese, but big deal! Where can I go from here? What's left? Here I am, a perverse forty-five-year-old fascist dictator with incurable terminal gonorrhea and syphilis, a schizophrenic personality that manifests itself in a pathological need to kill, and bad breath. What a time to have a mid-life crisis! Maybe if I cut down on sugar and caffeine. Hmm... I wonder.

August 17, 1934

Dear Diary:

I have come out of my mid-life crisis and now feel better than ever! I owe it all to my very good "new friend," W. Churchill. We met last week and he talked me out of resigning the chancellorship and traveling to Hollywood to become a stand-up comedian. He said we Europeans must stick together against the growing militarism of Iceland. I believe the man has tremendous foresight. There is something about him I truly like.

August 31, 1934

Dear Diary:

Met again with W. Churchill in Düsseldorf. I told him that he had convinced me to stay on as the ruler of Germany and thanked him. I also told him I owed him a favor, would be in his debt forever and would grant him anything he asked within my power. He merely laughed it off and chided that I should not firebomb London in the foreseeable

"My life isn't worth a plug nickel. Not even life-insurance salesmen will talk to me."

future. Give some people an inch!

September 10, 1934

Dear Diary:

The government is running smoothly and I am truly living the life of ease. My golf game is definitely on the upswing! I, with my three Jewish caddies, played thirty-six holes today. I shot a hole in one! He sneezed when I was putting for par.

December 13, 1934

Dear Diary:

Great news! Germany was awarded the 1936 Olympic Games and work is speedily underway to make them the showcase of German talent! We probably will win every event and I have decided to award a field-marshal rank to the athlete who best demonstrates the German spirit. Why did Himmler roll his eyes and mutter under his breath, "Good afternoon, Field Marshal Owens."?

February 23, 1935

Dear Diary:

I am having a terrible time! I am spending two weeks in Russia. Shit, what weather! (Make a mental note: *Never* come here in the winter again!) Not only do I have snow, sleet and ice up to my stuttgart, but that faggot Stalin keeps hitting on me. My first night in Moscow, and he comes into my bedroom at 3 A.M. dressed only in false eyelashes, a whalebone corset and black spiked high heels! He kept insisting he would show me his "secret weapon" if I



would show him mine. I threw him out, but later I went down to the bathroom to get some Pepto-Bismol, which Stalin told me he invented, and I saw him doing the two-minute waltz with a chicken. The man has absolutely no shame—he simply can't dance.

March 19, 1935

Dear Diary:

I have hit on another one of my brilliant ideas! I am ordering the entire industrial brain trust of Germany to get to work on designing, developing and producing a new type of automobile! I envision it to be the car of the future! It will be manufactured by the finest of craftsmen the world has to offer! We will mass-produce it so that people all over Germany—No, wait! All over the world—can afford one. It will be a "peoplescar," and all the citizens of the world will love it! The name—which I picked out (?)—Toyota! "Oh, what a feeling...!"

June 1, 1935

Dear Diary:

I think I have picked a bunch of cry-babies to advise me! They are worrying that we should stop the exodus of Jews and other minorities from Germany. What gall! Warning me! I merely laughed them off! What possible use are people with names like Einstein?! That was one they wanted me to prevent from leaving. They tried to convince me that with his monster brain he could turn into a real pain. Why should I care! Let him go and see if I care. I hope that is the last I see of Mr. Frank-

Einstein.

June 12, 1935

Dear Diary:

Received another telephone call from Joe "Hot Pants" Stalin. He just calls, and when I answer the phone he merely breathes into the receiver and says nothing. I know it's him because the German phone company traced the number and he is the only one I know who lives in the Kremlin, knows my private line, knows the most intimate details of my life and has access to the phone. Of course, there is the chicken...

October 24, 1935

Dear Diary:

Met today with Benito Mussolini, that fun-loving fascist of the Adriatic. Now there is a man who knows how to dress! I understand his black shirts are all the rage from Rome to Sicily. He confided to me that he was going to send his entire air force, most of his navy and one-half of his army to conquer Ethiopia. I told him that we should examine this more closely, as he had sophisticated military equipment, a decided manpower advantage and the whole ball of wax commanded by the top Italian generals, who would be pitted against Ethiopians who had nothing but spears and camels. I asked him if he thought this was a fair match-up. He agreed. He will send his *entire* army.

December 1, 1935

Dear Diary:

I write this at 5:30 A.M. The card game

broke up and once again I was the big winner! We were all about even when I called "last hand" five-card stud. Joe, Benito and Neville bet their all, and when I called and raised them they were forced to throw in Austria and Czechoslovakia to the pot. Joe had a pair of three's (he always bluffs); Benito, two pair—sixes, and ten and one-half triple E's; Neville, a straight flush! But I, I again held the winning hand! Jack of clubs, seven of hearts, three of diamonds and nine and two of spades—with two men with machine guns at the door! I can't believe how my luck continues to hold!

June 17, 1936

Dear Diary:

Saw my old friend Benito today, who talked with me a little about his excursion in Ethiopia. He confided it was not going as well as planned, and I asked him why he chose to pick on such a godforsaken, desolate and worthless piece of real estate!? He eyed me coldly and began to rant and rave. It was part of the Roman Empire, he screamed. It was ours historically! We have a right to it! Later, he admitted that outside of Papua New Guinea, it's probably the only country he stood a chance of beating! He also confided in me that his next two goals were to rule Iran and Libya. Imagine, a crazy man ruling those two countries! I can't believe it will ever happen.

September 12, 1936

Dear Diary:

Remember to make a mental note *not* to host those damned Olympics again! Also, if I ever have children, not to name them Jessie!!

October 10, 1937

Dear Diary:

That old border dispute flared up with France again. That is the second time this year! If France refuses to be reasonable about this, I simply don't know how we are going to get it settled. France claims 0.67 square kilometers of the Ruhr valley, on the basis that there was an early surveyor's miscalculation. We, too, agree that there was a mistake, but feel that in all fairness, the French border should be moved just an itty-bitsy bit back toward the west. We're not asking for much, only that the western border of Germany be Portugal. Maybe some day we will get together and resolve this matter somehow!

February 2, 1938

Dear Diary:

Had a lot of fun today at the fourteenth annual "Head Honcho" picnic held in Brussels. I came in third in the "Three-Legged Race," and would most probably have won if I had not drawn Franklin Roosevelt as my partner. I suffered a bit of bad luck in the "Shoe Kick for Distance" contest when my iron boot flew off to one side, striking Neville Chamberlain in the side of the head. Poor Neville! The rest of the day he thought he was Queen Victoria and kept trying to "knight" all the others present. The German team lost to the United States in the U.S.-style football game, and the Americans went on to claim the championship game, beating Japan by using "the bomb." I knew Hirohito simply wasn't fast enough to cover Eleanor Roosevelt one on one.

October 10, 1938

Dear Diary:

Heard a couple of funny jokes today: The first one goes, "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Adolf Hitler." "Adolf Hitler who?" "Adolf Hitler and twenty-seven divisions of soldiers, the entire Luftwaffe and fifteen panzer tank divisions!" Hee hee! The second one is: "How do you keep a Polack busy?" And the answer is, "You invade Poland, massacre the population, enslave the people, abuse their women and hand them a piece of paper with that question and the word 'Over' written on both sides!" Ha-ha! What gags! I told them to the prime minister of Poland, but he didn't seem to get them. Give him a year.

January 1, 1939

Dear Diary:

Today is the first day of the rest of my life!

September 1, 1939

Dear Diary:

Had an embarrassing moment today. I sent a message to generals Himmler and Jodl last night saying I was having a party and wanted to invite the Poles. Well, wouldn't you know it, the delivery boy turned out to be none other than Guappo Marx, the long lost member of the Marx brothers, and he bungled the message so my generals thought it said, "For the good of the party, invade the Poles!" Can you imagine how red my face was when I woke up today and discovered I had inadvertently conquered Poland, was at war with Britain and France and had generally plummeted the world into a Second World War?! This has to be the fourth or fifth most embarrassing thing that has ever

happened to me!

October 10, 1939

Dear Diary:

Received a telephone call from some low-level Communist party member from the Soviet Union. He said he was interested and impressed with our repression in Poland and wondered if he could use our blueprint for action for future reference, "just in case." I would have been more than happy to oblige his request, but he only gave his first name, and I can't send information to every Leonid in Moscow.

November 15, 1939

Dear Diary:

I am most pleased! Eva Braun won the "Miss Congeniality" award in the Fascist Dictators' Mistress Beauty Pageant held in Atlantic City, New Jersey. She beat the entires of Franco, Stalin, Mussolini and Hirohito by a mile! I think most of the contestants were more than a little miffed, however, when Stalin's entry won both the bathing suit and talent competitions! I was sure that chicken would have died by now!

June 22, 1940

Dear Diary:

The war is well underway. I have grabbed Czechoslovakia and Austria through intimidation; have militarily crushed Poland, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark and most of Scandinavia; have driven the British out of Dunkirk; and today France has surrendered. I think that... Oh, wow! I could have had a V-8!

December 6, 1940

Dear Diary:

My physicians must be plotting against me! Now I know I must be very, very careful. They tried telling me I am losing touch with reality. That my sanity is fleeing. But I know better! I am totally rational and sane. The purple scarecrow ate four cheese blintzes. Who stole the kishke? Four score and seven years ago... Let me make one thing perfectly clear—I am not a crook. How now brown cow. I must constantly be on guard against these insidious plots!

April 1, 1941

Dear Diary:

I am really a funny kind of guy! Today a really hysterical thing happened. It's April Fools' Day, so I called that "Old Oriental April Fool Himself," Emperor Hirohito. I told him I was going to launch a massive attack on the United States on December 7. I had to bite my

"Met today with Benito Mussolini. Now there is a man who knows how to dress."

lip to keep from laughing, and really had the old moron going for a while! I told him I would ride into the East Coast in a wave of glory, and all he had to do was bomb the U.S. naval fleet in the West! For a while, I almost think he believed me! How can anybody be so gullible!

June 22, 1941

Dear Diary:

I have finally decided to take that long-overdue trip to Russia I have been thinking about for some time now. I am having trouble deciding what to pack though. Do you think three thousand tanks, two thousand airplanes and one hundred fifty German divisions are enough? I do plan on staying for some time...

February 23, 1942

Dear Diary:

Still the war goes well! Oh, sure, we did lose an army of three hundred thousand men plus their armor, and about one-third of the Luftwaffe at Stalingrad, and Montgomery and Eisenhower are beating us terribly in North Africa, but these are minor setbacks! We still hold over ninety percent of the world's breweries and folk dancers! Once we conquer Chicago and Milwaukee we will have them all!

July 1, 1942

Dear Diary:

Even with the war effort, our military command remains committed to edu-

/ continued on page 66

GOING SMOKELESS

When a pot connoisseur stops smoking pot something must be terribly wrong, or right—as the case may be. For what, and for how long has the Master Budmeister given up the pleasures of his beloved weed? You'll be shocked when you find out the answer.

by "R"

The reefer rumor mills were going wild. The ganja grapevine was going ape. All sorts of incredible, unbelievable, unthinkable stories were circulating on the cannabis-smoking circuit.

- Somebody passed a joint to "R" at a party *and he turned it down.*
- A big grower flew into town on a plane he'd chartered to rush to the Connoisseur some special sativa sinsemilla to taste, and "R" *said he was too busy, come back next harvest.*
- "R" had been kidnapped and forcibly given aversion therapy treatment so he *can't smoke grass anymore without throwing up.*
- "R" had been kidnapped by angry indica growers outraged at his call for a freeze and kept prisoner without pot until he begs for some indica.
- "R" had given up grass for good, taken a vow of silence and become a Trappist monk.
- "R" had fallen madly in love with a woman who wouldn't let him get high.
- "R" goes around telling people he's high on life itself.

All wrong. Well, most of it's all wrong. It is true that "R" has turned down joints at parties. He has turned down free samples from dealers and growers. In fact, for two full months he hasn't smoked any grass at all. The key point here is that "R" hasn't turned against ganja. He's just decided it was time to get some perspective on pot-smoking. To step outside the ups and downs of the dailiness of doing it and see what it really meant. He'd done it before, for a week or two weeks at a time, but this was going to be a more

extended experiment.

After all, it was something he owed his readers. "R" had always been out there ahead of the cannabis culture seeking out new sensations, new varieties, new worlds of weed wonders. And he'd always been careful to advise his fanatically faithful following about the pitfalls and perils, too, about the philosophical implications, the existential meaning of marijuana consciousness. Just as he was the only person in America whose job it was to smoke grass, part of that job was, every once in a while, to *not* smoke grass—to put the whole thing in perspective.

Of course there were some specific things that triggered his decision to go on an extended reefer-fast. One of them was the shocking blockheaded stupidity and utter lack of perspective of the reaction to his modest proposal in the previous HIGH TIMES issue, the one that called for a freeze on the growing of *Cannabis indica* so that smokers could reassess the wrongheadedness of the wholesale shift of the cannabis culture to a strong but inferior form of marijuana.

The outrage, the close-minded unreasoning backlash, the greed-inspired grower hysteria over this modest proposal made "R" wonder whether too many people had been smoking too much bad grass, or whether an unthinking daily dependence on grass might be at fault.

It seemed like some of these indica people were just too attached to a joint, whatever was in it, to think straight. I didn't think I was like that. But I needed

to find out for sure. But to tell the truth, my grass-fast only really started when I ran out of the Thrilla from Manila. You know about the Thrilla from Manila. The Philippines ganja so fantastic it swept every single one of the Connoisseur's annual Herbie awards this year. Well, when I came to the bottom of the last half-ounce Baggie, I rolled up two last joints to put aside for an extremely special occasion only, and decided to look around and see what I might smoke next.

The situation was pretty bleak. There was a lot of domestic sinsemilla around, but it was mostly indica—and you know what I think of indica. There was some mediocre commercial Thai—the kind of thing that's powerful but not high. Treetop level, that's all. Some mediocre Colombian.

Do you know that old saying, that even bad sex isn't *that* bad? Well, I'm not sure that's true when it comes to bad dope. Your consciousness is the most precious entity you have, all experience of existence is shaped and distorted by it. To make an analogy: with the sense of sight your eyes may need the aid of glasses, but smudged, poorly made glasses are not much better, perhaps worse than no glasses at all.

And so I refused to compromise. I refused to buy even a quarter-ounce of mediocre Thai or indica sinse, just to have something to smoke. I didn't smoke anything at all that day. Nothing that night. I gazed longingly at the last two joints of Filipino, but decided it would be criminal to waste them just because there was nothing else around.



But the really big news of my two-month experiment is not going to be controversial at all. It's merely going to revolutionize the grass-smoking culture of this nation and perhaps the world. The Connoisseur *did* say he went without smoking for two months. *He didn't say he went without getting high.* In fact, he's learned, and will now make available to his readers, a revolutionary *new technique for getting high—really high—without smoking grass.*

The paradox is that this new technique only works for those people who have already smoked a lot of really fine grass. It won't work for the beginner, the novice just learning to get high. Let me tell you how I discovered this amazing method. It was well into my second month of "getting high on abstinence," as whole-earthier Stewart Brand calls it. I was getting used to it, getting to like it in a way. Getting high all the time the way I used to might be compared to riding a thrilling roller coaster 18 hours a day. After a while the thrills lose their sense of being thrilling. If everything can become ecstatic and exciting, then the ecstasy becomes routine and thus not really ecstasy, which means literally standing *outside* the routine.

Still, by the second month I would find there were times when the routine was becoming very routine. Especially at certain times. Like when I would be at a party with friends I was used to getting high with and having fun with and they'd light up and offer me some. I'd miss the sweet social communion of shared smoke, the sense of taking a shared ride on the reefer together. But I wanted to maintain my perspective for a full two months. And I knew that none of the grass I was being offered was as good as the Thrilla from Manila anyway.

I'd try to recall how great the high from that now-departed Filipino wonder weed was so that I wouldn't feel as bad at missing out on the mediocre marijuana being offered around.

And that's when it happened. Just *thinking* about the Thrilla from Manila I began to get high in that same soaring satisfying way I had when I was lighting it up and actually inhaling it. I began to get that same wonderful euphoric clarity, that special thrill that only the Thrilla from Manila—among all the hundreds of varieties of grass I've tasted over the past few years—can provide.

At first I thought it was a fluke. Then I tried it again at another party—and it worked. I'd just say, "Thrilla from Manila" to myself and the same old

It seemed like
some of these
indica people
were just too
attached to a
joint, whatever
was in it, to
think straight.

magical thing would happen.

It was almost like a posthypnotic auto-suggestion. In fact, when I began to think about it, I realized that was exactly what it was. The marijuana high has often been compared to a kind of euphoric trance state, with certain features—suggestibility, dreaminess, heightened attentiveness, et cetera—in common with the hypnotic state.

Now, to get even a bit more theoretical. Those of you who have read Dr. Andrew Weil's book, *The Natural Mind*, may recall that he had an interesting theory about the mechanism of the high in the brain.

Weil argues that *the drugs themselves don't get you high.* They merely trigger a high-making mechanism in the brain that puts you in that wonderful, euphoric, suggestive, thrilling state. Now there's an important but subtle difference between this and the idea that the drugs themselves get you high. Especially for our purposes here. Because if we can find some other way than an actual lighted joint to trigger that internal high-making mechanism, we can do without the drugs entirely. Once we've learned what it's like to be high, once we've smoked a lot of fine dope, once the pathways of the brain that cause the high have been thoroughly explored, it should theoretically be possible to travel along those thrilling passageways without being propelled by the physical substance.

Theoretically, all one need do would be—as with the process of posthypnotic suggestion—to first get really high on the best grass you can find. Then when you're high, really high, just think of a couple of key trigger words that cap-

ture the feeling, that sum up the state, so you can summon it up again later. For me, "Thrilla from Manila" was enough. Maybe that will work for you too. Or maybe you can use "Maui Wowie," or whatever the nickname of your favorite high is. Just focus on infusing into those words all the joyful essence of the high.

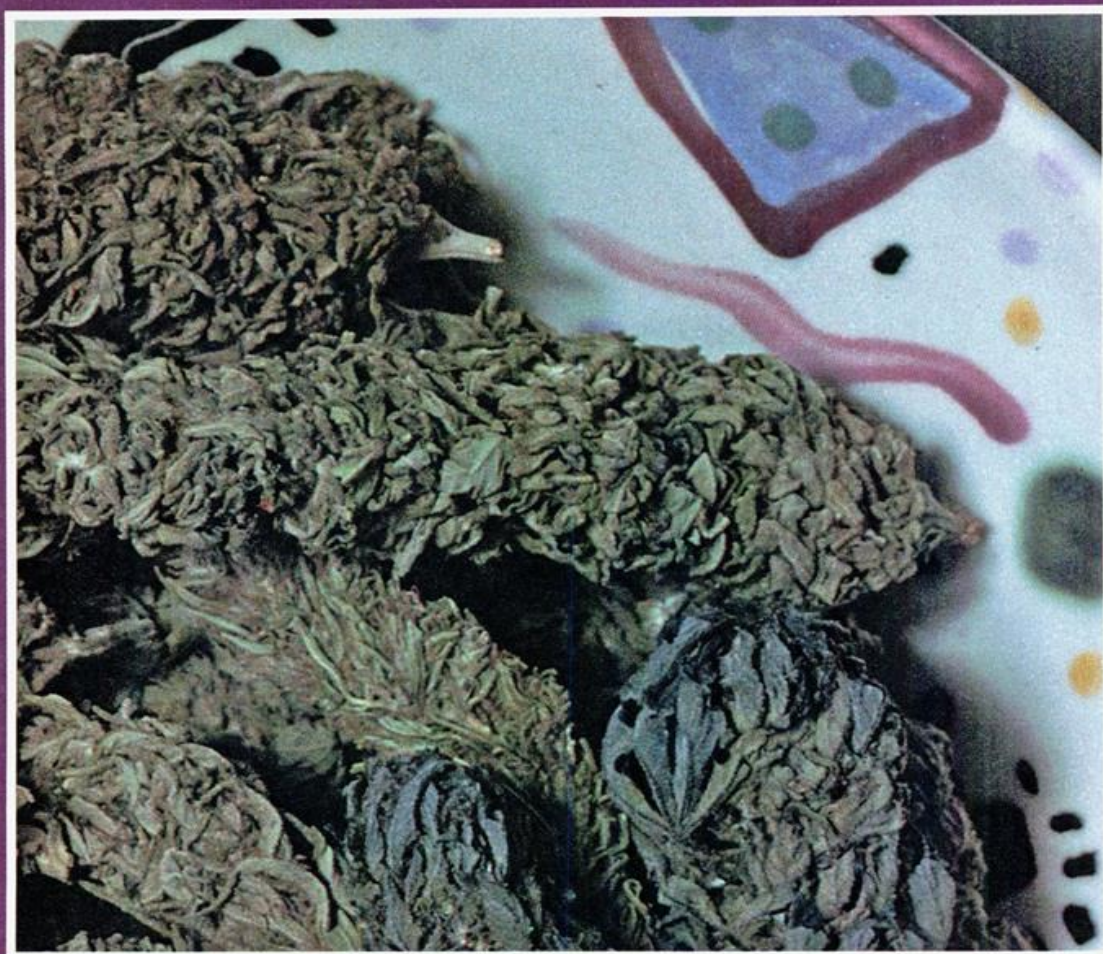
Then try it out. The next time you're in a situation where you'd like to get high, take a couple of deep breaths as if you're drawing in deep lungfuls of sweet cannabis smoke and pronounce the post-hypnotic trigger words. Believe me, it works with "Thrilla from Manila."

In fact, I'd like to propose a month-long, nationwide experiment to test this out. I think it would be good for a lot of daily smokers to take a month off and get some perspective anyway. To be fair we'll make it a short month. We'll make it February. What I'm calling for is for all heavy smokers to take the entire month of February off. No smoking dope at all. See what it feels like, and when you feel the need to get high, use my magic "Thrilla from Manila" hypnotic suggestion method. On January 31, 1984, I want all the heavy smokers in America to light up the finest grass they can get their hands on. Get really high. Think of hypnotic trigger words. If you can't think of your own, use "Thrilla from Manila." Then take February off, try my auto-suggestion method and write and tell me what it's like. I think you'll be able to get through times of mediocre dope with much less trouble, you'll waste much less money on bad dope and you'll be able to get high more and appreciate it more.

In fact, what I'd really like to do is call on all those who participate in this important national experiment to send the money they save that month to NORML, to the American Civil Liberties Union or to Medical Aid for El Salvador. Then, not only will we be raising the consciousness of American ganja smokers and making them aware of the high that lies ready to be summoned at their command, but we will also be helping contribute to the social consciousness that I fear has been neglected by hedonistic high-seekers of late.

I think it will be great fun to go to parties all over America this February and see people closing their eyes and chanting "Thrilla from Manila" to themselves instead of smoking joints. Don't worry. If anyone asks you what you're doing, just tell them "R," the HIGH TIMES Connoisseur, recommended it, and they'll know it's cool. □

THE QUINTESSENCE OF SINSE



For those rare occasions
when nothing but the best will
do, discriminating hosts always select
the finest in domestically grown
sinsemilla.





BONG-WATER UTILIZATION

Have we been dumping
our valuable plant nutrients down the drain, or is that
gummy green stuff really as worthless as it looks?
Finally, the definitive answer.

Dear Ed:

If marijuana plants are growing close to each other and their roots entangle, will this hurt the plants' growth or kill them? Smoke a joint and get to the point,

—Dwayne A.
Susquehanna, Pa.

No. In areas where marijuana is grown using broadcast seeding, up to 35 plants are grown per square foot. Plants that are grown close together vie for air space. They grow few side branches and tend to grow tall. When removing plants with entangled roots, it is best to cut rather than pull them out, because otherwise the other plants' roots may be disturbed.

Dear Ed:

I have been considering using colchicine on my plants. Would the seeds of treated plants show any genetic side effects from this chemical?

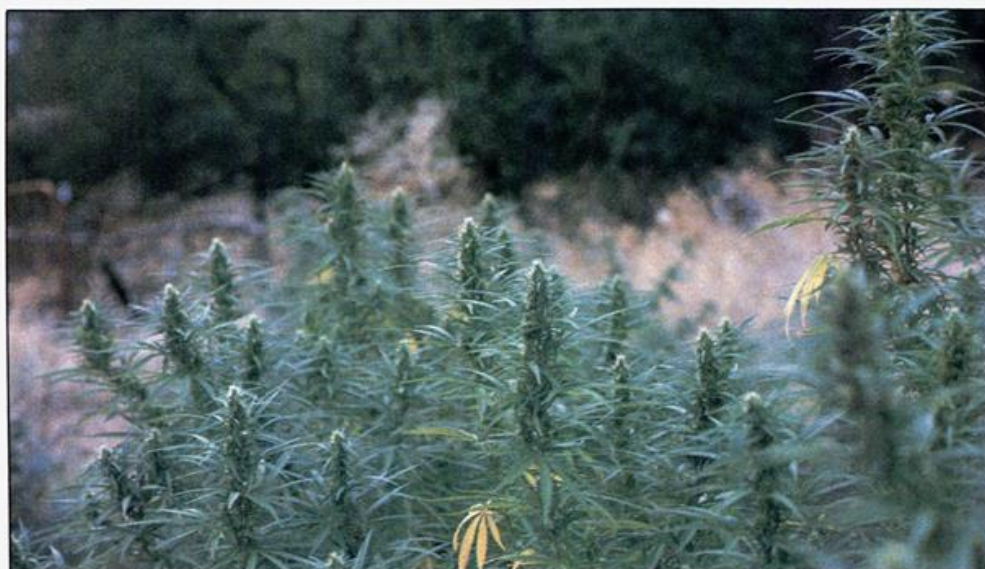
—L. Clark
Mo.

Colchicine is a mutagen. It causes changes in the genetic material of the plants with which it comes in contact. The reproductive material will also carry these changes and transfer the material to the new plant.

Dear Ed:

I would like to know if driving a nail in the bottom of the stalk late in the season increases a plant's potency. I heard that this would make the plant want to put out more resin in the healing process right before harvest time.

I have grown plants for five years now and always wondered about this but didn't want to drive nails in any of my beautiful



Plant of the Month from Crazy J. of Chico, Calif.: "I tied this plant down to keep a low profile. Nobody could see it in my backyard over my fence."

sinsemilla plants.

—Chad L.
Dallas, Tex.

This marijuana myth is based on the belief that marijuana produces resin in response to stress, especially water stress or damage to its stem. A healthy marijuana plant produces more resin than its stressed sister because it has more growth. THC and the associated resins seem to be produced to protect the reproductive organs from attacks by predators. Resin production is a natural part of the plant's cycle. The chemicals seem to deter birds and some insects from eating the flowers or immature seeds.

Dear Ed:

Your article on hydroponics [July '82] was a revelation to me. I now have a com-

plete hydroponic, halide growing area.

After finding the manual flood system too laborious, I converted to a drip system, using an ice chest as a central reservoir containing a sump pump. After finding commercial drip emitters too unreliable, I made my own, a wood screw in the end of quarter-inch tubing.

My system is made up almost entirely of junk parts but the plants are doing very well, reaching over four feet after only eight weeks. The parts include: a surplus metal halide from a warehouse, Coleman ice chests for containers [just add a tube to the drain-fitting for an instant, insulated, rugged universal hydroponic kit].

—D.P.M.
Calif.

Dear Ed:

Is bong water useful for cultivating marijuana? You would think that dirty,

stinky green stuff could be good for something. Does it have organic nutrients or other ingredients to increase potency?

—Dave A.
Oreg.

While I have never tested bong water or its effect on plants, I suspect that it contains only a minimal amount of plant nutrients. The main ingredients captured by the water are hydrocarbons, the gases CO₂ and CO (carbon monoxide) and other carbon combinations. There is also probably a small amount of potash and bound nitrogen. THC is oil-alcohol-soluble and does not dissolve in water.

Except for the nitrogen potash (and the water itself), there are probably no ingredients that the plant can utilize.

Dear Ed:

I saw "ruderalis" listed in the HIGH TIMES Market Quotations. The only "facts" are "violet buds." The way I understand it (according to Schultes), true ruderalis is one to two feet at maturity, blooms in seven weeks regardless of light cycle and has a life cycle of ten weeks. Is this true?

—Dave S.
N.C.

Schultes classified cannabis as having at least three species: sativa, indica and ruderalis. He based some of his classifications on the formation of the seed pod, which he supposed was not affected by marijuana's long association with humans. Of course the seed is a crucial

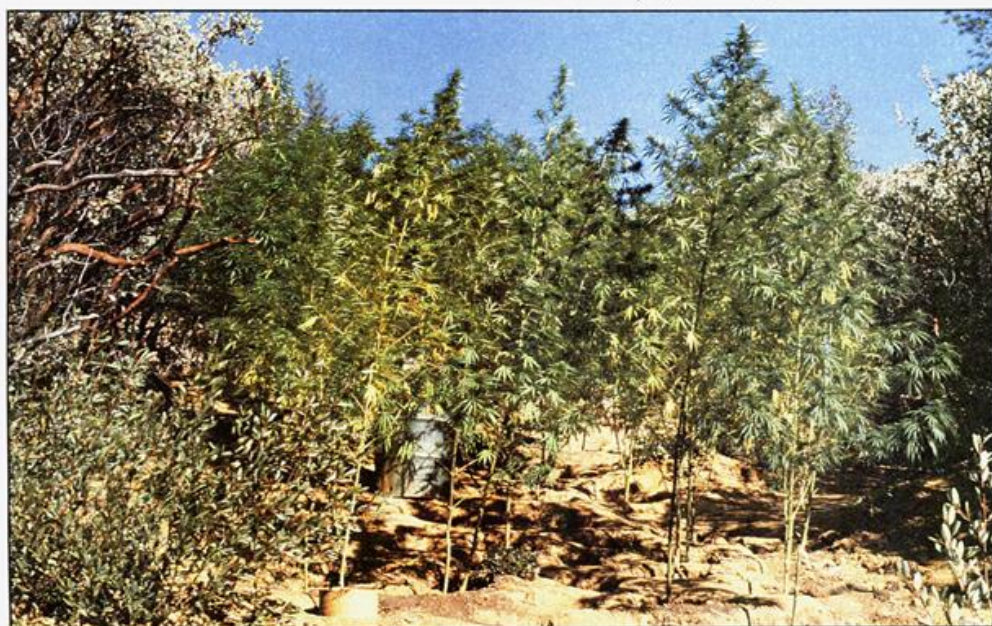
element in marijuana's domestication by humans. The seed most likely to be gathered is the one that remains on the branch rather than the one that has fallen.

As far as we know, all cannabis extant has had some relationship with humans. Thus we assume that the many varieties of marijuana are the artifacts of association with humans.

In addition to the characteristics



Bud of the Month: "We grew these red Mexicans and they're as sweet as pie. They ripened in mid October and weighed over eight pounds." —The CAMP Boys, Atlanta, Ga.



Garden of the Month: "Here's a picture of my '82 garden. I harvested over twenty pounds of the most delicious indica I ever tasted. This year, with improved irrigation, I hope to double that." —J.L., Nevada County, Calif.

which you described, Schultes claimed that ruderalis had virtually no THC, so it is not psychoactive. Vavilov, a Russian scientist, may have been describing ruderalis in this summary of his observations of peasants in the Altai mountains: Wild hemp spreads into areas where the ground is disturbed. It is harvested for sustenance use and some of the seed is planted the following year.

Most likely, if ruderalis is being used for marijuana cultivation in the United States, it is hybridized with other varieties. Its short cycle and small stature are the desirable characteristics for which it would be used. Other varieties would contribute their THC potential to the cross.

Dear Ed:

I know that marijuana can be grafted with the hops plant. Since the hops plant is known for its sedative qualities, what is the ultimate goal? Is it a high low or a low high? Or strictly for camouflage? When grafted does the plant take on the characteristics of a hops plant or a pot plant?

—Peg and Elaine
New Orleans, La.

Hops scions were grafted onto hemp stems in the early '40s by a government researcher, Warmke, as part of the war effort. The graft took but the resulting plants with the hops tops had none of the psychoactive qualities associated with marijuana. The experiment was tested again in the '70s with the same results. The success of the grafts opens up possibilities which have not been explored. If marijuana scions can be grafted onto hops plants, the resulting plant may have a better camouflage even though the tops will look like marijuana. Another possibility is a plant with both hops and pot marijuana branches. There have been no experiments to my knowledge regarding hybridizing the two plants. Since hops is a vine, a hybrid (if possible) might look different than its parents.

Sometimes I get questions that stump me. Can one of our readers help with this one?

What information do you have about Ecuadorian pot? I'm specifically concerned about its history. I'm also interested in its phenotype. How would a cross between Ecuadorian and Afghani do?

—Up in Smoke
Garberville, Calif.

PSYCHEDELIC EXPRESS

From the astral heights of decades past comes a train of wondrous incidents, fueled by dope and the dharma. A mythic tale of the Acid Age.
by William Meyers

Part I: Blast-off!

*Without love,
where would you be now?*

—The Doobie Brothers

The severe psychic upheavals of the late 1960s and early '70s appear to us now, in our latter-day torpor, to have been unique to their time—as unexpected and as unlikely to recur with the same magnitude of energy release as the eruption of Mount St. Helens. Though in many ways those events were harbingers of things to come, they were manifestations of a rare and highly charged synaptic impulse in our cultural evolution—a flash long gone.

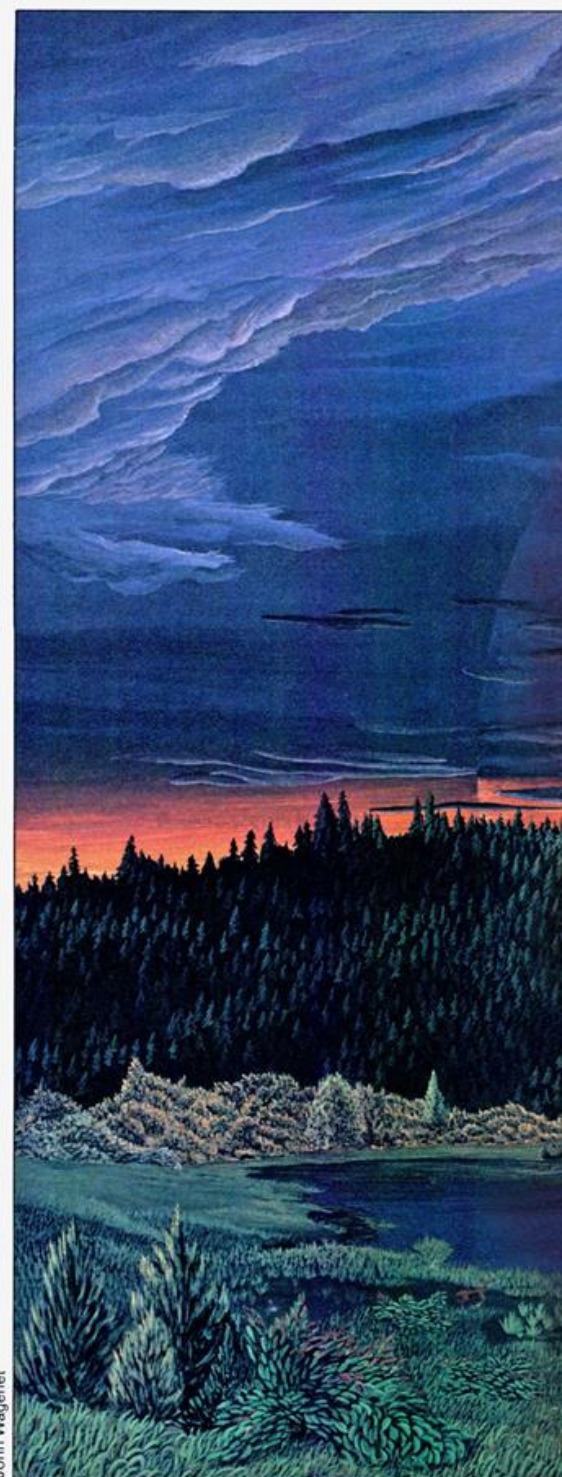
I don't pretend to be a chronicler or a social critic. My experiences are limited to what happened in and around my own karmic time-line, and I haven't researched anybody else's. But what happened to me during those years was so heavy and so undeniably real and so unlike anything I had ever imagined I would have the miraculous luck to be in on, that, considering the state of affairs we've sunk to and the illusions we're assailed with today, I feel almost obligated to get this stuff written down. That way at least those revelations it was my karma to experience myself may not be totally forgotten or misunderstood.

One of the eruptive events out of my life and subculture in those years that I think takes the prize for sheer outrageousness is the time when about 500 of us hippies took off from

San Francisco in a caravan of trucks and school buses to turn on the unenlightened hinterlands (the rest of the country) to psychedelics, tantric love and God.

We'd been evolving for four years, since 1966, as a regular weekly meeting of hard-core San Francisco trippers who found increasing value in getting together at a predictable time and place to compare notes on the last week's incredible experiences. What had begun as a collection of spaced-out flower children of all ages huddling together for human warmth grew into a rootless community—an "astral village," we liked to call it—complete with extended families, accomplished six-year-old ripoff magicians and screaming earth-child babies.

Like most such phenomena, we had a psychedelic guru, an especially humorous and down-home one, thank God—kind of a Will Rogers of the spaceways. At the time, he was recommending acid once a week to keep your head clean, and like a lot of other newly liberated dopers in those days, we could think of nothing better for our sick and dying planet than to turn on its cancerous populace to every kind of psychedelic at our disposal. We were already hip to the power of our living example, but were quite willing to augment it by dynamiting moldy old egos and crusty states of consciousness—having grown accustomed to blowing our own minds so frequently.



John Wagnon

One of our more mind-blowing ideas evolved from the hippie tendency to take over houses and apartments collectively and then trip together too. People who tripped together tended to make love together—or blow apart, once they got a good look at each other's heads. The search for some stability in that volatile milieu—behind the idea that if you could put together a solid jumping-off place, you could get even higher—led to the emergence of the four-marriage.

Our teacher's was the first. He and his old lady joined forces with another



couple they were fond of tripping with—as a lifetime commemoration of the oneness they'd experienced while tripping, they said. Within a few months, after hearing every week about the new levels of consciousness and the new worlds of experience that they'd discovered through the telepathic bonding of their four minds, other four-marriages began to form. Couples were even getting together and dropping acid with that idea specifically in mind. Any one of the four who might find him or herself having mid-trip second thoughts could spend the

rest of the trip, or possibly longer, struggling back out of a marriage that may have come to seem karmically preordained.

There was a magnetism there all right. To the acid-blasted mind it felt like the same force that bonded the atoms in a molecule. To be a part of that quadruple configuration and look into each other's eyes with a consciousness cleansed of ego trips was to discover and become well acquainted with both sides of oneself—the male and the female, the *yang* and the *yin*. According to the

Zen teachings, that was only one of 32 continuums on which it was possible—especially with the equanimity of four stoned minds in tandem—to avoid the extreme polarities and achieve an enlightened balance. Within a year there were about 20 seemingly stable four-way families.

A new psychedelic power-pack was on the scene. To anyone who knew what it was like from the inside, it was obvious that the pressure-cooker intensity of the conventional couple and the especially unstable configura-

tion of the threesome had finally been superseded by the awesome power and vision of two couples united.

There was no denying that this New Marriage, put together and polished up for the New Age, was a direct manifestation of LSD—and sustained by its lesser allies, the organic psychedelics: mainly, for us, peyote, grass and hash. We strongly suspected that how these exotic substances, which we had incorporated into our lives as Holy sacraments, were accepted by the world at large would determine how the new institution of the four-marriage was accepted as well. It did seem to be yet another kind of psychedelic.

So we were going to take this trans-continental tour and lay our trip on the American folks via our charismatic spokesman. Maybe by turning them on to making love as a spiritual discipline, smoking dope as a communal sacrament, and dropping acid as a way to let God reprogram your head, we could offer an alternative to the hard drugs and radical politics that had run roughshod over Haight Street—where the first exemplary psychedelic community had died aborning. Maybe by going around being conspicuously radical and peaceful, we could at least help the country along to a wiser, gentler place—in the midst, as it was, of its Vietnam war throes, and an increasingly violent resistance.

We figured it would help to get the folks stoned too. By the time of the last Class meeting before departure, every one of our trucks and school buses was bulging with dope: hundred-dollar kilos of powerful Mexican marijuana; burlap bags full of fresh peyote buttons, green and tufted—some of the grandfathers as big as your fist (25¢ apiece from the guy with the pickup truck full at Sutro Park); sticky blocks of Afghani primo and Nepalese finger hash laid away in the larders; and in the most secret stashes, pure white 350-microgram tabs of LSD; even little vials of the clear liquid essence—the magic potion indeed!—each one containing at least enough energy to light up all the souls in Detroit.

We were admittedly somewhat naive—we figured that was part of our strength—but we might have gone a much longer way with that load if San Francisco's educational radio station hadn't been blowing the whistle from the get-go. As we peeled out, busload by busload, from the

parking lot of the Family Dog Ballroom, headed for the Golden Gate Bridge, they were broadcasting it all, live and on-the-spot, saying things like, "These hippies in their gaily painted buses must be carrying the largest cargo of psychedelic dope ever to leave San Francisco in one haul!" (Yes, they were talking like that on the radio in those days.) That particular station didn't generate a very strong signal, but it went out far enough.

Oblivious to what was happening on that frequency, we were crossing the great bridge in stoned procession, climbing up and over Waldo Grade and heading north on U.S. 101—the *Psychedelic Express*. Looking out of the bus windows and down on the crystalline lights and windowpanes of Sausalito and the silhouettes of Monterey pine against the shaft of moonlight on the bay, it felt like we were lifting off from the planet in our personal spaceship. Rolling up joints from the Mexican kilo spread out on the front bed, our stashes full of primo cargo, we had to admit this was splitting the new Jerusalem with style. New worlds to conquer! New minds to stone! We were finally leaving San Francisco after five years of getting our shit together.

After a euphoric day of regally caravaning through the redwoods and along the coast, we were brought up short that succeeding night by the local heat. I was stoned on about 10 peyote buttons and innumerable joints, in the midst of digging yet another incomparable Pacific Coast sunset, when, just south of Crescent City, the red, white and blue flashing lights appeared in our rear-view mirror. My partner, Garrison, who was driving, and somewhat less wrecked, turned and yelled, "Everybody stay in the back! I'll take care of this."

Our two boys, Daniel and Andrew, were already in the back, behind their partition, hiding now where they'd been playing. But Melissa said, "Oh, no you don't, Garrison," and swung her bod onto the bed platform behind the driver's seat. "We're staying right here beside you."

We appreciated Garrison's tendency to whip out his sword and fight a duel to the death—like a lightning rod, he came in handy at times for taking the heat—but at that point his ego was in a severe state of flux. Which is to say his head had been thoroughly gotten into, and he was still recovering from that

experience. Nobody, at any rate, wanted him to be our exclusive spokesman. Meryl jumped onto the bed beside Melissa and put Gloria on her tit—the best defensive strategy available to her at the time. I still lay staring, dumbfounded, from the bed in the back as a loud knock came at the door, accompanied by an "Open up in there!"

My stomach felt like it was being slowly wrung out, like a dishrag, as our sacred domain was invaded by two plainclothes cops.

"Hi. What can we do for you?" Garrison said, trying to be the friendly hippie, but with a gurgle in his throat.

"I don't believe this," one of the cops mumbled, gazing at the rainbow in the carpet-scrap ceiling.

It's hard to describe exactly how it felt at that moment, but it was something like those times in my heaviest trips when, enraptured by the elysian splendor of the planet, I would be handed a copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle* or the *Berkeley Barb* or some similar black-and-white pulpy rag, with a picture of, say, Kissinger or Nixon on the front page. To turn my attention to such a high concentration of negative energy in the midst of all that was radiantly positive was like peering through a window into the netherworld.

What was I to say to these crewcut personages who were announcing themselves as narcotics officers? "But you don't understand, we're in a mystical group marriage, this is our tantric temple you're standing in, and these are our material sacraments." I didn't say that. I kept my mouth shut and sat up straight, hastily trying to recall and rev up the aura of a serious spiritual student.

"We know you're in possession of controlled substances," one of them said. "If you know what's good for you later on, you'll give us what you've got right now."

"What are controlled substances?" said Melissa, her blue eyes round.

"Whatever you're talking about, you don't have any right to be here," Meryl said. "This is a household, and you're disturbing my baby."

Our good old ladies. I had to admit they generally kept it together better, maybe because they had to deal with the kids more. Maybe they were higher survivors. Maybe it was true, what they'd been telling us, that Garrison and I were usually just spaced out. In our heads or on a trip.

The plainclothes dudes proceeded to

search the bus while we watched. We tried deflecting their attention from our heaviest stashes with our combined telepathic force field, but the stuff was too obvious, and they went for it right off—the rolling tray on the bed, holding some joints and loose grass (and our best hemostat), and a couple of hash pipes. The squatter one with the red face flashed me a dark glance while making his way to the back. He found some expired incense in the hands of our bronze Buddha and, obviously thinking it was hash, slipped it into a plastic envelope.

"That's just incense," I said.

"Sure," he said, not looking at me. He found some pill containers on the driftwood shelf. Then he glared at me like he had just turned a rock over and found me there, leering. I said, "Those aren't what you think they are."

"How do you know what I think they are?" he said, his aura turning reddish black and looming up behind him like a cobra's hood.

"I guess I don't know what you think they are," I said, going totally *yin*. "I just wanted to explain that those are vitamin pills. B₁₂, because we're total vegetarians and don't do dairy. We're nonviolent. That other one there's niacin. A vitamin supplement." (Hippie brain food in those days—a cerebral pick-me-up for the post-trip downs.)

He said, "I know, sure as shit, this is acid, creep," a bead of perspiration popping out on his brow. For a moment we matched each other for nervous tics. But I knew it was niacin. He pocketed the pills he found out in the open, then moved up and joined his companion in front, who had somehow missed the two peyote buttons enshrined in their pots on the counter.

Suddenly they were on their way out. The peyote-fueled uptightness began to drain out of me, like a plug had been pulled. As they left they said, "What you're doing is illegal, you know."

We were too stoned, I suppose, or too freaked, to think it a little odd that they would inform us of that and then split. But we were immensely relieved that the search had gone no further—like under the bed platforms to the big stash—and that they seemed to be actually turning us loose.

Survival-mechanism fear and flat-out paranoia came flooding into our collective mind. Should we gather up everything we had that was illegal and stash it better? Should we stop

somewhere and bury it where we could come back later and get it? Or should we just dump it? Outrageous idea! *Oh God, not that!*

Where was everybody else? We wondered if they were being ripped off, too—picked off one by one as they came down the highway. Had other searches happened simultaneously with ours? Was there a bust waiting just around the next bend? We continued on north, past Crescent City and into the deep gloom of the northernmost redwood forests. There were no recognizable vehicles from our caravan to be seen—only the headlights flashing past on the other side. How easy it was to be dispersed...

Garrison was still at the wheel. Even if I had been trusted to steer our group mind, which I wasn't at that point, it would have been too dark by now for me to drive. Almost everyone in the Class had thrown his glasses away months before, as part of a massive self-healing experiment, on the theory that poor vision was a function of being uptight. We figured that we must be just beginning to loosen up the karmic knots that tightened and distorted our material bods, since my night vision was still pretty blurry and Melissa was practically blind.

"Listen, Eugene," said Garrison, commanding my attention. "That was really a dumb thing to say to that cop back there. I thought we told you that you should just stay on a word fast for a while. *That's* how come you should be on a word fast, man." He was trying to conceal his pissed-off vibes, but to no avail. "Never smart-ass a cop," he said. "You smart-assed that cop. You might as well have called him a *pig*. You saw how uptight he got, didn't you? You get back what you sow, man—you know where it's at. He could've come on a lot heavier to us. Or even the *kids*." He looked to the ladies for assent.

"For God's sake," said Meryl, "do you really want to do this right now? We just came close to being *busted*."

"I don't think I smart-assed that cop," I said.

"That's because it's a big chunk of your subconscious, man. And what's conscious to me is sub to you. You were *into the juice*, Eugene. Don't you see that? How can you not see that? Your hands were completely into the cookie jar. I mean, it's like anything for some more attention. You think you're

/ continued on page 64

But you don't understand, officer, we're in a mystical group marriage, this is our tantric temple you're standing in, and these are our material sacraments.

THE GAMBLER

Wandering in the desert alone can purify a man and make him strong. On the other hand, it can also screw him up six-ways-to-Sunday. You just have to be lucky.

It was 4:30 A.M. when the phone rang and I picked it up and it was Stultz and he said, "It happened, they took my money."

"Who took your money?"

"They did."

"You mean you were robbed?"

"No, I went back to the wheel."

"You lost it all?"

"Yes, fifteen thousand—"

"Jesus Christ, I told you to stay in bed!"

"They sent a woman up to my room!"

"So what?"

"They planned it, they do it—"

"Who?"

"Management."

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, I fucked her and then I couldn't sleep so I went downstairs."

"All right, you can sleep *now*—"

"No I can't, because I don't have any money."

I didn't answer. I just sat there on the edge of the bed, the neon lights flashing on my fat ugly belly.

"You got any money?" he asked.

"I'm sitting on eight grand."

"I'll sell you my car. I need the action."

"You don't have a car."

"I've got a wristwatch."

"Listen, I'm going back to sleep, I'll see you about ten or eleven."

I hung up. I had a headache. I hated Vegas. Stultz had talked me into it. I had only come up with \$200. I played the wheel, a simple system just using the red and the black. It seemed to be working.

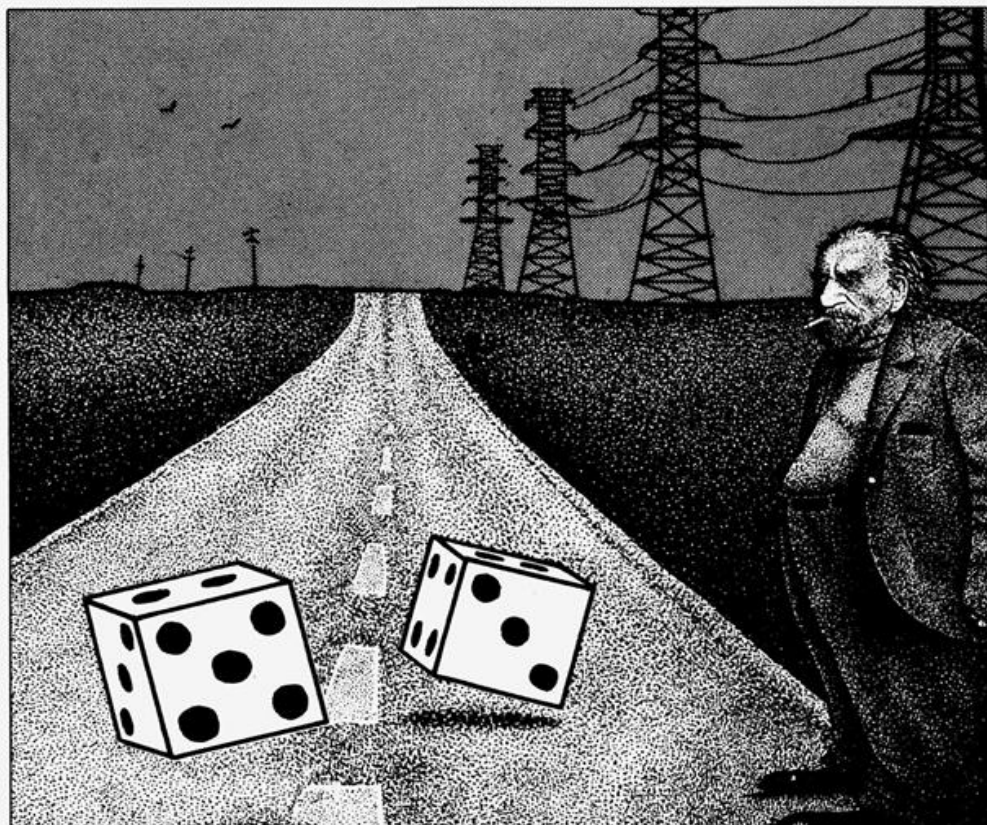
I stretched out on the bed. There was a knock on the door. I was in my shorts. I walked to the door, opened it, keeping the chain on.

It was a girl.

"Honey," she said, "I give the best head on the Strip—"

"Go suck a porcupine," I said and closed the door.

"Pops," she hissed through the door, "you're a piece of living shit."



About 5:30 A.M. the phone rang again. It was Stultz.

"Hey, a girl came by and gave me some head! It was absolutely great! Even better than that job I got in Tangiers once."

"How'd you pay her?"

"I gave her a check."

"Go to sleep."

"That black-red system isn't going to work. Each time the wheel turns it's a fifty-fifty shot, less the house-take."

"My system is built upon fluctuations."

"Okay, let's go downstairs *now*. I won't even gamble. I'll just watch *you*."

"Pretend you're watching me sleep," I said and hung up.

In six or seven minutes the phone rang again.

"I can't sleep," he said.

"Get a newspaper," I told him, "then take a shower, get in bed and read the

newspaper. Read the Help Wanted section, that will knock you out."

"I got a better idea."

"Yeah? What?"

"I'll jack-off."

"But I thought you already fucked and had head?"

"Yeah, but only jacking-off makes me sleepy."

"Well, for Christ's sake," I said, "get pumping!"

It was around 9:30 A.M. when there was some heavy pounding on my door. I thought it might be a fire. I ran to the door and opened it. I forgot that I was nude.

"Well, well," said the big guy, "if it ain't Conan the Barbarian!"

There was another big guy next to him. Looking at those guys I got the idea that they just *enjoyed* being big.

No, it was more than enjoyment—they were sick with it.

Drew Friedman

"Whatever you got," I told them, "I don't want it."

I started to close the door but one of the big guys gave the door a tap and it flashed across my face and knocked me across the room. I got up with a bloody nose. I figured I was being busted for eight grand and that was too much money to lay down for. So I walked over, sat on the edge of the bed, wiped my nose with the sheet, reached into my shoe, came out with the blade, unsheathed it and stood up.

"Easy, Conan," said the biggest guy, "we're hotel security."

"Yeah?" I asked. "Well, you don't make *me* feel too secure."

The biggest guy flashed some I.D. and the next biggest guy did too, both of them still smiling because they were both so big.

"You can get that stuff printed anywhere," I said. "How do I know that you guys don't go around boosting rooms?"

"No," said the biggest, "we don't. But we want you out of here!"

"Why? Because I'm winning?"

"No, because you and Stultz are buddies."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning about an hour ago we caught him trying to steal some chips."

"And that complicates me?"

"By proxy."

"Where is he? In jail?"

"Oh, no," said the biggest guy, "we don't waste jail on him."

"Oh, no," said the next biggest guy.

"What'd you do?"

"We had a little talk with him."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. And we want you out of this hotel in thirty minutes or we're going to have a little talk with you!"

"I understand."

"It's best that you do."

They both turned and walked out.

I got packed and went down to my car. I threw my bag into the truck, unlocked the door and there was Stultz sitting there reading the racing results in the newspaper. I sat down next to him.

"How'd you get in?" I asked him.

"Guess you were drunk. You forgot to lock the door on the passenger side."

"You look awful."

"I feel worse than awful."

Stultz had a hard time speaking through his puffed lips. He had one black eye.

"Any broken bones?"

"I don't think so. But they said if I ever came back they'd break both my

legs. All that for three blue chips."

"Why'd you do it?"

"I needed the action and I couldn't get you out of bed."

"Well," I told him, "you got the action."

"Yeah, I got it."

I started the car and pointed it toward L.A. . . .

This was some drive back and it got hot and Stultz kept reading the newspaper but just the race results and that day's entries. There really wasn't that much to read about.

"The harness is running right now," he said.

I didn't answer.

"I hit some good exactas there last meet," Stultz said.

I wanted to get him off the subject.

"Listen, Stultz, you ever think of women?"

"Women? What do I need with a woman?"

"Something to take your mind off gambling."

"I like to gamble. I don't care if I win or lose, I just want to gamble."

"It's all so *wearing* and it's really kind of dull."

"What else is there? Everything's dull."

"How about the great works of art?"

"Ah, that's just bullshit."

"I think you're right."

"I'm sometimes right," Stultz said.

"About how often?"

"About forty-two percent of the time on a fifty-fifty shot."

"You're an eight percent loser."

"When I lose I feel the pain. When I win I'm no good."

I just kept on driving. Stultz said he didn't need women but he always seemed to have one around. And each looked a bit like the other. All young bright pretty girls. But they soon were gone. He borrowed money from them which he couldn't pay back.

"You won eight grand, huh?" he asked me.

"Just about. It's in my bag in the trunk."

"Lend me five hundred."

"Go fuck yourself."

"You've lost your humanity."

"Had to."

I mean, it was a *long* drive . . . I almost fell asleep at the wheel a couple of times. After almost running it off the road one time, I raised my head from the steering wheel and asked Stultz, "Listen, man, you think you can tool this thing awhile?"

"I can try, good buddy."

We stopped, changed seats and then started up again with Stultz at the wheel.

"Oh shit," he said, "oh shit."

"What is it?"

"I think my ribs are busted! I can't *steer* this thing!"

The car started to dart off the road. I grabbed the wheel and righted it. I reached my foot over and jammed on the brake. The car bucked and stalled in the road.

Stultz just sat there holding his sides.

"I just can't drive, man."

"It's okay, Stultz, I think I can make it back in. Let's change seats again."

"I really appreciate this, buddy," he said, "and sometime you'll know how much."

I got out to go around to the other side of the car and take the wheel, and as I did so he took off. In a straight line.

I stood there in the road in the middle of the desert and watched Stultz and my car vanish, plus my eight grand in my bag in the trunk.

I had no idea if there was a town within a hundred miles.

I just started walking. Then I heard a car approaching. I stood in the road and tried to wave it down. It went right on past. All I saw was a fat man smoking a cigar.

I walked along some more.

As the next car approached I turned and stuck out my thumb. Same result. Only this time it was a midget eating a Sno-Kone.

I walked along thinking, I might die out here in this desert.

I didn't particularly mind that—dying didn't matter much. What bothered was getting there.

As I walked along I thought of the things I was going to miss, and they were very odd. Like taking a crap in a cool bathroom at 10 A.M. in the morning, or opening a can of cat food for my cat or watching a good boxing match on TV while drinking beer. Or moving deftly through traffic on the freeway, gauging speeds and distances, threading through the drivers and at the same time checking the rearview mirror for the police. Or buying a case of good wine and carrying it to my car, always remembering the days when there was nothing to drink, or to eat, for that matter.

A car pulled up. I couldn't believe it.

Here was this cute little girl wearing a green hat over her blue eyes and smiling. . . .

/ *contd. next page*

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"Ya out in the desert prospecting, old-timer?"

"Not really. Just kind of dehydrating and moving toward L.A. an inch at a time."

"Climb in, pops, your problem is solved. I'm driving straight to L.A."

I got in and the car rolled off smoothly. It was cool in there, the air conditioner worked fine, and the girl was in a neat little green dress and showing some leg.

"I can't believe this," I said to the girl. "Life isn't so bad after all—"

Then I heard it from behind me. From the rear seat:

"Life is still bad, motherfucker!"

I started to turn.

"Don't *turn!* Don't *look* at me! You look at me and you're *dead*, motherfucker!"

I looked straight forward.

"Okay," I said, "what's next, motherfucker?"

"Don't go callin' *me* no motherfucker! I'm holdin' the callin' card here!"

"I pass," I told him.

The cute little girl just kept on driving along.

Then I heard him: "Okay now, just reach *nice* and *easy* into your back pocket, no fast moves, and lift your wallet out, hold it up in the air and I'll take it from there!"

I did as I was told. I held the wallet up and he snatched it while almost breaking my wrist. I pulled my hand down.

"Look," I said, "I just got my car stolen and I was ripped off for eight grand—"

"I don't wanna hear that shit!"

He was back there, ripping through my wallet, taking my bills and my credit cards. Now he knew my address. If I ever got back there'd be nothing in my place but a roll of toilet paper.

Then I heard him laugh. "According to this here driver's license you're sixty-three years old. Man, you look closer to *seventy-three!*"

"I've aged rapidly because of the kind of people I keep meeting. And besides, I've been told I've lost my humanity."

"Humanity? What's that shit?"

"Nothing."

The cute little girl looked over at me. "Guess you thought you were going to fuck me?" she asked sarcastically.

"Fuck you? No, I was going to squirt some Elmer's Glue-All up your pussy."

"*Hey man! Watch your mouth!*" the guy yelled.

The cute little girl jammed a cigarette she had been smoking into the car ashtray in a vicious manner.

"Why don't we waste this old fuck, Hayward?"

"Don't say my name, you whore! Don't

say my name! You dumb bitch whore!"

I said, "I didn't *hear* your name! *Honest*, Hayward!"

We drove along as Hayward's curses shook the automobile. Then he quieted down.

Then he said, "Okay, *chump!*"

And my wallet came flying. It landed on the floorboard. I picked it up, looked through it. Nothing. Just the leather.

Life began over and over again. Sometimes.

"Okay, bitch," Hayward said, "stop the machine!"

She stopped the machine. We sat there.

"Okay, bitch, get out and do your thing."

She opened the door and got out. As she did I reached out my left hand for the keys in the ignition.

I felt the gun at the back of my neck, stopped.

"Don't think too much," said Hayward, "because you don't know *how* or else your ass wouldn't be where it's at *now!*"

Then she got back in.

"Okay," said Hayward, "get this thing rolling!"

She dug it out and soon we were moving along nicely.

"Okay, *chump*," Hayward said, "*out!*"

"I think I'll stay—"

"I told you *thinking* wasn't your thing! Now, pops, I'm going to count to five!"

I felt the gun at the back of my neck.

"If you ain't bailed out by five you got no more worries in *this* world!"

He started counting.

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

When he got to four I kicked the door open and leaned out and just as I left I kicked out and caught her in the head with my foot. Then I was out into space and rolling. I heard the car skidding as she hit the brakes. Then I stopped rolling and felt myself face down eating sand.

I looked up and the car was slowly moving toward me. Hayward had his head out the window and I saw the gun.

"Motherfucker!"

The shots blasted at me. Geysers of dirty sand shot up around me like little atomic mushroom clouds. Then the car spun back. It passed me again in full roar. I forced my eyes open through the whirl of Nevada sand, determined to see the license plate.

The license plate was covered with a pair of red panties.

Hayward's bullets had missed me. I got up, dusted myself halfheartedly and began walking toward L.A. again. □

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smarter than that cop, and you wanted to prove it."

"I remember what I said, Garrison, and I don't think I smart-assed that cop."

"You're smart-assing *me* right now, the same way you smart-assed *him*, by pretending to be dumb. And you're pretending to be dumb because you don't want to cop."

"Come on, Garrison, loosen up," I said, doing a back-stretching yogic *asana* on the front bed. "I'm not doing any such thing."

"You're doing it again right there, man! You're doing some kind of weird magic on my head by doing those yoga exercises when I'm trying to talk to you. And you're taking position on me—you *think you're so superior!*—by implying that I'm uptight."

"You *are* uptight, Garrison," said Melissa, who most often acted as our vibes barometer.

Garrison exhaled hard and grunted. His back was to us, but we knew that somewhere on the other side of his long, brown, unbrushed mane, he was peering into the void and pondering whether to cop. It made me a little uneasy that we were down-shifting around the tight curves of the coastal highway at the same time.

"All right," he said. "Fire up another doobie then. We might as well try to stay as loose as we can. But I got to say, this is the weirdest trip I ever bashed my head against."

"Garry," Melissa said, in the voice of her former incarnation as his exclusive wife (I hated it when she called him Garry), "try to get hold of yourself. You're a little crazy right now. All of us are, some. Heavy stuff has happened to us this summer, I know. But try to hang in there. It'll get better."

Meryl and I were lying on either side of Melissa. It felt warm and comforting to lie up against her soft, maternal bod. Although Meryl was nursing Gloria, who was about five months old by now, Melissa always felt like the family wood stove—just to hang out around her tended to mellow us out and defuse our uptightness.

"I can dig it," said Garrison. "I'll straighten up." The magic words for releasing the energy... and backing off the inquisitors.

"Loosen up, too," I said. I couldn't resist.

"Tell us what it would be like, Eugene," she said to me, "to have your wildest dreams fulfilled."

I could feel the ladies wanting to call me on that one, but deciding to stay quiet in hopes that Garrison would ignore it. The silence, over the roar of the engine and the drone of the tires on the pavement, was long and palpable.

"But it still really gets to me," Garrison said finally, "that Eugene won't cop to us, even when the survival of this whole trip is at stake!"

"Where's it at letting something get to you," said Meryl, trying to get Gloria to stop choking and wailing and return to her tit. "Especially letting Eugene get to you. Jesus!"

"I don't care where you think it's at," he said, a remark that could only mean an eruption was impending. "Damn it, man!" he said, twisting around in his seat, "How can you bullshit with us at a time like this?" He was trying to fix me with one of his penetrating stares—the kind designed to make the guilty confess on the spot—but the bus swerved over to the side of the road so quickly that we all had to yell at him to shut up and stop spacing out or give the wheel to me.

I was chuckling on the inside. And he knew it. Garrison was so powerful but so vulnerable that, from my position of barely redeemable disgrace, I couldn't resist the opportunity to take a poke at his head-honcho ego.

The trouble was, that kind of thing all too easily got me bounced off the bus. That had happened several times over the summer, even once in the last week since I'd reunited with my family. And here it was October.

It was only in July that the heavy mushroom trip had come down—

when all four of us had dropped the caps of organic psilocin down in Garrison and Melissa's cabin, then had our teacher and his family and friends walk in on us, the whole entourage stoned to the max on peyote, and proceed to slog around in our collective subconscious in their hipboots. Melissa ended up moving across the room and snuggling up to them—her relative purity and innocence having been taken for granted from in front—with me and Meryl and Garrison literally up against the opposite wall.

Garrison's paranoia and delusions of grandeur became pitifully obvious as he struggled to defend and justify himself. Nobody would buy the first word of his argument. His credibility had been blown sky-high since the day he'd ripped off one of the teacher's meetings in the trip room by walking in with a bread bowl full of peyote buttons, challenging him to get down to a round of dharma combat.

So his fame as a heavy tripper had been thoroughly debunked by the teacher himself, and though he'd been working like a demon all summer with his Skilsaw and cutting torch, building our bus, he was still walking around with his head in a basket. It wasn't until this very moment that the whole contents of mine and Meryl's heads were finally revealed and our fully inflated, baronial egos thereby brought down in flames.

There were about a dozen black-and-white television screens, each showing a different pornographic scene, revolving around Meryl's staring, distraught head—there for inspection by anybody who had broken on through to astral vision. Our mutually sleazy background bubbled up out of the psychic oatmeal then, to general amazement and derision—how we'd first met at a Berkeley sexual-freedom-league nude seminar, and remained on the sexual prowls ever since then, though we'd been living together for years.

It was all obviously a result of our ignorance of the ways of tantric yoga—the yoga of touch, or how to truly love, with healing kindness and respect—and my own callousness and lack of compassion for Melissa and what she'd been having to go through this summer: her close confrontation with death from a long-term kidney infection, and her miraculous healing at the last moment by the teacher and his ladies.

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HITLER

/ continued from page 45

cation and personal enrichment. More and more, men are flocking to German universities for additional course work. I wonder, though, why the Spanish courses always seem to be the fullest?

June 5, 1943

Dear Diary:

Maybe my luck is changing for the good again! I just made a terrific buy—no, it really was a *steal*—of some terrific beachfront property in France! Five hundred acres for only ten thousand dollars, and right on the beach, too. Now I can relax. I am excited! I'll have the biggest, newest and showiest house in all of Normandy!

June 6, 1943

Dear Diary:

Did you ever have a bad day? I mean a *really bad day*? (Sigh) Maybe I should have become an electrician.

August 29, 1943

Dear Diary:

I must face the truth. The war goes badly and we could lose! The allies have sworn to kill me if they win, so that cuts down considerably on my options of what to do after the war. I have decided that if we do lose, I will have minor plastic surgery and sneak into the United States hidden among the thousands of other refugees that are sure to be headed there. I will then enter politics and keep my hand in at the world level. I have been trying to think of an alias that will suit me. Do you think "Henry Kissinger" makes me sound too Jewish?

September 14, 1943

Dear Diary:

If we do lose the war, I have given up all thoughts of entering politics in the United States. I was analyzing my position and what I wanted to do, if we do lose, when all at once it hit me! The two greatest hatreds in my life are my generals, who are losing the war for me, and Jessie Owens, who humiliated me at the 1936 Olympics! I need a job where I can completely boss around a big-shot Negro and eliminate all the generals who failed me on the field! A job where I, alone, will make the rules, and rule with an iron hand no matter how obnoxious others think I am! A will of steel will be my calling card! You may ask, "Where could I find a job that would allow me to do this?" Simple. I'll buy the New York Yankees!

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July 3, 1944

Dear Diary:

Today I had an unexpected surge of great news. Hymie Wattsgruter, secretary of German Interior Affairs, phoned me and said he had a plan for bringing complete and total victory to the Third Reich. I called together my general staff, even recalling field marshals and generals from the field, and we waited in hushed silence as he took the podium. The light glistened off of his pale, hairless head and reflected off of his metal-rim glasses, and he slowly began to speak: "I thought it over very carefully," he started, stopping dramatically. "And I have come to the conclusion that the answer is... Let's let Adolf Hitler be Adolf Hitler!!" I immediately had the schmuck taken out and shot. I haven't trusted him anyway since he let Exxon drill for oil in my private bunker.

August 9, 1944

Dear Diary:

Today I gave one of my most-moving-ever speeches at the Sportsplatz. "My German people," I shouted, "I have good news and I have bad news for you." "The good news first," they all pleaded. "Well," said I, "we can expect fifteen thousand new tanks, ten thousand new airplanes and one million fresh troops to be thrown into the battle within the next few days." They all screamed and applauded me wildly! "The bad news," I continued, "is that they aren't on our side!"

December 25, 1944

Dear Diary:

Another nice Christmas with Eva. We exchanged books. I gave her the hot-test-selling book on the market these days, volume one of the yet to be completed two-volume set entitled *The Rise of the Third Reich*. She gave me a book entitled *The Ten Best Restaurants in Buenos Aires*.

February 13, 1945

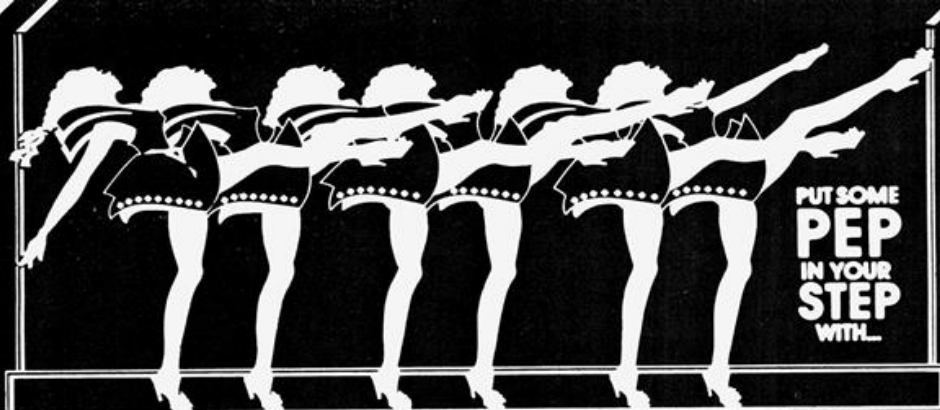
Dear Diary:

What has five hundred thousand legs, five hundred thousand arms, is dressed in green, carries rifles and eats plenty of borscht and potatoes? I don't know either, but I saw one just east of Berlin today!

March 1, 1945

Dear Diary:

I received a really weird call from some nut in the United States today who kept telling me to hang in there and fight for "peace with honor." Obviously a man not to be viewed as in total control of



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his faculties, but still, I wonder how he got my private number. After all, who do I know in San Clemente, California?

April 27, 1945

Dear Diary:

All is lost! We are going to lose the war! But hope springs eternal! I have made plans to have all the top-secret Nazi information and priceless scientific decisions stored for a future rebirth of the Nazi party. With all of our special secrets secured in the Pacific Northwest of the United States, we will be able to rise again. In 1985 we will again meet and rebuild the one-thousand-year Reich! The Americans will never find our secrets, either! Not in such a desolate, lonely and isolated place like Mount St. Helens!

April 28, 1945

Dear Diary:

More bad news today. My dear old friend, Benito Mussolini, died today. I understand that he was executed by his own countrymen! If the rumors are correct, the last thirty bullets in his body were put there by one thousand Italian sharpshooters.

April 29, 1945

Dear Diary:

It was awful—the blood, the screaming, horror, death. First Goebbels put the gun to his head and pulled the trigger. It was all over. Then Eva did the same. Then all the general staff who were gathered at my bunker, even the secretaries. I just knew we shouldn't have scheduled three Ronald Reagan movies in a row! My life isn't worth a plug nickel now, I know for certain! How can I be so sure? Not even life-insurance salesmen will talk to me, and when I asked my lawyer to draw up my will, he asked to be paid in advance. They think they have me but I may fool them yet! Remember, I have survived many dangers in the past. My plan, this time, is to get a car, dress up like Sam Snead and drive my way right past the American lines! I have never been one to putter around, and I believe I can get a fair way away before the allies have any links to my whereabouts. A good plan, on the whole, and if I can stay out of any traps, I may make it of course. Once I get to my secret airfield in Bavaria, I have a small plane with a pilot and extra fuel that will take me to a safe haven in the center of a large city in a friendly foreign power where I will be safe. Anyone finding this diary can look me up... in Hiroshima!

Have a nice day! □

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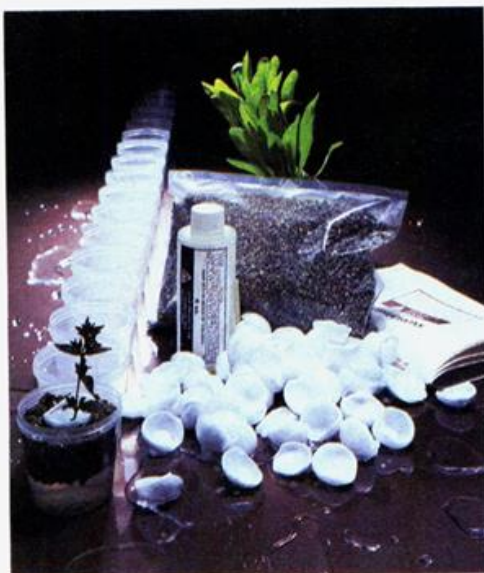
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REEFER MADNESS:

The History of Marijuana in America

Part VI, Conclusion:
Mary Warner Leaves the Ghetto.
by Larry Sloman

By the beginning of the '60s the chinks began to show in the Bureau's armor, and it was at the weakest point, marijuana, where reality intruded into the picture. Anslinger's latest position on marijuana was that it was not the horrific causal agent the Bureau made it out to be in the '30s. Rather, it was a substance that invariably would let down its users because it was too weak to sustain the thrills these debauchees were after. The next step, of course, was heroin.

The weakness in this argument was evident. If it could be shown that marijuana was a relatively benign drug whose use could be moderated, the prohibition rationale would crumble.

But one factor that supported the Bureau's position with respect to the drug was that by 1960 most of the users of marijuana were still nonwhites, and were invariably those at the lowest rung of the socioeconomic ladder. Marijuana was still an exotic substance, linked to crime, violence and the like. Also, the stereotypes that the Bureau fostered went unchallenged, since the user groups had no lobbies, being outside the political process, and had virtually no access to the media.

That changed on February 12, 1961. On that night the Metromedia Network broadcast the John Crosby show. Crosby was a syndicated columnist who hosted a TV talk show, similar to the David Susskind program, but a wee bit more avant-garde, as was evidenced by that night's discussion, "Hips and Beats," featuring Allen Ginsberg, Norman Mailer and anthropologist Ashley Montagu.

That afternoon Mailer and Ginsberg had lunch at a Chinese restaurant, and



the poet proposed that they do something interesting that evening, like talk reasonably about the harmlessness of marijuana. Mailer, who had had a bad experience with marijuana, was reluctant; but during the show, Ginsberg suddenly changed the subject and brought up grass, relating his experiences with the drug in India and in Tangier. Mailer then went on to concede that he had had some and it wasn't as bad as all that, and even Ashley Montagu gave a little anthropological background on cannabis use in other cultures. Eventually the talk got around to the marijuana laws, which everyone, including Crosby, thought were too extreme.

The next day there was much reaction. Typical of this was a column in the

Baltimore Sun, where the TV reviewer was "amazed" to hear "an ardent plea for the legalization of marijuana and the smoking thereof by men, women and children":

He [Ginsberg] appeared to think that what this country needs is a good 5-cent cigarette composed of Nicotiana glauca. It will solve all our problems, he opined. The studio audience, sprinkled with berets, beards, and sandals, mostly seemed to agree.

Reaction came swiftly from another source, the beleaguered Bureau. For the first time opposition views on this issue had been aired on a mass-media outlet by a quasi-respectable source. Anslinger immediately demanded equal time and, over the objections of Crosby, Metromedia granted the Bureau rebuttal time on Crosby's March 5, 1961, show. For the TV exposure Anslinger chose the distinguished Mr. Harney [Malachi Harney, Anslinger's right-hand man], whose comments cleverly avoided the substantive:

Even after 40 years of close acquaintance with the problems of the narcotic traffic and narcotic addiction, it was to me a novel experience to find on radio and television an advocate for the use of marihuana—and even by children of any age. This may have shocked and surprised some, which perhaps was one of Mr. Ginsberg's purposes...

Years ago when chemistry was less advanced, the then best test of the potency of cannabis was a biological one. Sometimes dogs were used. The effect of the drug so injured his coordination that the animal had to be destroyed. It shouldn't happen to

a dog—much less a human being. It is fortunate for our marihuana smokers that because of our law enforcement program most of these have access in this country to only a very poor quality and potency of the drug... New addictions and new habituations are created in part by people who talk like Mr. Ginsberg, in my opinion. Lest that be considered as only one man's opinion, let me close with this:

Shortly after the broadcast in question, Mr. Anslinger was talking to a Mexican official who twitted him along this line—"You are always asking us to help you by keeping Mexican marihuana out of your country. But now you have a Mr. Ginsberg advocating it on radio and television."

A strange twit to end on. But it was clear that the Bureau was on the defensive. Crosby, in one of his first syndicated columns after the show, mocked Harney's rebuttal, calling it "a lot of alarmist nonsense concerning pot, about which our Narcotics Bureau knows very little." This was the first televised battle of boo. For the first time the weed had a spokesman for its position, and as the '60s progressed it was a position that would be embraced by a larger and larger segment of the white youth of America. Marijuana would become a vital armament in a burgeoning counterculture that would spring up in the '60s and manifest itself as a full frontal attack on the social and economic institutions of America. Pot would be politicized, its powers embellished, its myth enlarged, its use further ritualized.

As one of the core components of a countercultural perspective, marijuana would enjoy a political association, which it had never had in its almost 50-year existence as a recreational drug in America. To the Mexicans it was something to take their minds off the drudgery of the beet fields. For the poor blacks it was a similarly endowed recreational drug. The jazzmen used it to enhance their playing, as well as to feed their mystique. The beats saw in it a link to a great literary tradition of Europe. But by the middle of the '60s marijuana had taken on a new meaning for a vast new class of disaffected white middle-class Americans. Writing in *Soul on Ice*, Eldridge Cleaver would see the transformation of the use of marijuana from a furtive, surreptitious rite to an avowed act of insurrection:

The characteristics of the white rebels which most alarm their elders—the long hair, the new dances, their love for Negro music, their use of marihuana, their mysti-

cal attitude toward sex—are also tools of their rebellion. They have turned these tools against the totalitarian fabric of American society—and they mean to change it.

As testimony to Anslinger's political shrewdness, he was aware that this would be the case. Perhaps it was a gut feeling that his karma was catching up with him, perhaps it was the natural thing to do in the face of a new godless left-wing adversary. At any rate, the authorities moved swiftly to shut off the dissemination of these ideas that would, by the end of the decade, blossom into a flower-loving, potsmoking alternative culture. And they acted in the only way they knew how. After the Crosby show, the Bureau of Narcotics opened a file on Allen Ginsberg and spent the next few years trying to set him up for a marijuana bust.

But Anslinger would be gone from the front lines of this new battle against the hippies. And his forced retirement from the Bureau in 1962, at the mandatory age of 70, would be bittersweet, in that so much of his work was left undone. The TV series based on his life and exploits, for example. Poor Harry must have spent years negotiating with both TV and movie producers in an attempt to chronicle the fearless exploits of his men, to little avail.

However, the commissioner did get written into an Armstrong Circle Theatre episode on "Interpol," and the showing occasioned a letter to Anslinger from Frank Reid, a friend who worked with E.R. Squibb and Sons, one of the pharmaceutical concerns that dealt regularly with the Bureau. Reid had two questions for the commissioner:

- (1) Where did the Commissioner get that full mop of hair?
- (2) How come Frank Reid is with the Narcotic Department?

The reply was pure Anslinger:

I got the mop for "Interpol" by using Kruschev's banana oil which will put a man in space or on the moon or grow hair on a billiard ball overnight. So, the story of how Frank Reid became one of the gangsters on "Interpol" is quite simple. We have a very nice young Jewish choir boy named George Gaffney on our staff who furnished the technical knowledge for the film. Realizing that "The Untouchables" was under severe attack from the Italian-American societies, it was decided to replace these dago gangsters with Irishmen. The first good Irish name that came to Gaffney's

mind was yours—no insinuation meant here. I think if the Irish put their minds to it they could outsmuggle the wops.

An "Interpol" badge is attached with the express provision that you will accept this in lieu of filing suit against "Interpol" for the use of your name.

But this would be one of the last ceremonial gift-givings on the part of Anslinger, for in 1962 he was sent back to Hollidaysburg by John F. Kennedy, who used the mandatory retirement clause as an excuse to excuse the aging commissioner. In his stead Anslinger bequeathed his Bureau to Henry Giordano, one of his trusted lieutenants. But the Old Man was not powerless, for he still represented the United States on all its international United Nations dealings, a vantage point from which he would be able to gain a last, lingering laugh on all the potheads who were beginning to agitate for a change in the marijuana laws.

And by 1964, incredibly enough, there were the first glimmerings of a propot lobby forming, centered around the bohemian enclave of the Lower East Side in Manhattan. Of course Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky were among the agitants, and, naturally enough, another addition was made to Ginsberg's Bureau file:

Reference is made to the recently founded organization "LEMAR" (Legalize Marihuana). According to a newspaper report, this is not a formal organization and it does not have any officers... It was learned recently that these individuals plan on departing for Cuba on Jan. 13, 1965. It is requested that their names be placed on the Customs Suspect List.

A short time later, on February 23, 1965, another Memorandum Report on Ginsberg was filed:

Reference is made to my Memorandum Report dated Jan. 7, 1965, requesting the names Allen Ginsberg and _____ be placed on the Customs Suspect List. On December 27, 1964, GINSBERG and _____ had marched in front of the Department of Welfare Building, East 9th St. and Avenue C, with signs reading "Pot Is a Reality Kick." These individuals are members of an organization called LEMAR (Legalize Marihuana) and their names appear in the files of Interpol.

A month later, on March 12, the file was augmented with a three-page memo outlining Ginsberg's career, including the poet's entry in *Who's Who in America*.

The agent also reports visiting Columbia University to make inquiries about Ginsberg's record at school. His name was recognized immediately by those interviewed, and one employee lamented that much of the correspondence from Ginsberg's file had been missing since his graduation, presumably taken by souvenir hunters. The agent concluded:

From what I have read and heard it would appear that the reported increased and widespread use of marihuana by college students could be attributed in part to the influence of ALLEN GINSBERG and persons of his ilk. It appears that GINSBERG's writings and poetry readings on the many college campuses and avant-garde meeting places have had a strong appeal and have provided a rationale to many college students and persons in intellectual life here and abroad.

The memo ended with a request for the photographs and passport application of Ginsberg, which data was itself duly recorded in a five-page memo in April. In May the FBI got into the act, clipping a story from *Time* magazine that reported on the earlier LEMAR demonstration.

By August of 1965 Ginsberg expressed suspicions that he was about to be set up on marijuana charges. In a letter to his congressman, Charles Joelson, who represented the New Jersey district where Ginsberg's father maintained residence, the poet expressed his fears of entrapment:

As you may know, I've been active for the last few years in a sort of Fabian reform movement to end the prohibition of marihuana and turn over treatment of junkies (heroin addicts) to the hands of doctors & dismantle the Treas. Dept. Narcotics Bureau. My reasons for this are amiable enough & medically accurate enough but I won't go into that now as it's irrelevant to the present instance. In any case I've gone on radio & TV and argued the case often & occasionally reasonably.

When I came back to NY by plane after 6 months in Prague Moscow London etc on June 30 I was stopped by customs & subjected to detailed intensive search, all my baggage fine tooth combed, the lint out of my pockets sifted for suspicious weed etc, made to undress to my underwear—all the dull humiliations of a Kafkian trial... I'm proposing a change in the law, not smuggling. I resented the situation & thought of complaining—to you, to the NY Times, to God, someone—but was otherwise occupied.

This week I hear from NY that a kid

named Jack Martin who was arrested Aug. 4 for possession of pot got a proposition from four Federal Narcotics Agents including the supervisor of the NY Bureau and Agent Bruce Jensen (acting as spokesman) to set me up for an entrapment. Martin apparently said no, I was a poet not a pusher, & they suggested to him that I wouldn't have to be caught with much marihuana in my possession & Martin said I was out of town anyway. They also apparently threatened to add additional charges to his indictment unless he cooperated.

...I should at this point reassure you that I don't trade in drugs, my racket is Poesy, & that to safeguard my public position or Stand on the subject I've kept immaculately & paranoiacally clean the last years. So that if in the next year I am busted it will be some kind of creepy entrapment, probably an outright plant... The Control Habit may be difficult for the police to kick & I suppose that the attempt to set me up is a side-effect of the slow dis-intoxication syndrome now apparent...

Joelson, of course, forwarded the letter to the Bureau. The Bureau's reply was predictable. In an internal memo discussing the framing of the reply, mention was made that Ginsberg failed to mention in his original letter that he was expelled from Czechoslovakia. It also cites a quote from a noted director of a narcotics clinic in Harlem who told *Time* magazine, in referring to Ginsberg, "They should be picked up by the scruff of their necks, and scrubbed down with Tide and Lestoil." With that option apparently scrapped, the memo ends with:

11. GINSBERG states: "I'm not sure what to do to protect myself from the Treasury Department..." It would appear from the letter written by GINSBERG that he is doing nothing more than to set up some form of entrapment defense, prior to and in the event that he should ever be arrested by any City, State, or Federal authorities for violation of the Narcotics laws.

The Bureau then furnished a response to Congressman Joelson, which ended with a caveat about responding directly to the poet's letter:

I am enclosing for your information a copy of the recent "Marijuana Newsletter" published by "Lemar." It is respectfully suggested, in view of the facts of this matter, that you do not honor Mr. Ginsberg's comments by a reply. If you do choose to reply, it would not be a surprise to see your letter published in the "Marijuana Newsletter"

"Graduates,
we beg of
you, we
beseech you
to find some
way to
destroy the
intellectual
sanctions
which
promote free
drugs, free
love and
other
dangerous
freedoms."
—Harry
Anslinger,
1966.

out of context.

Joelson, however, braved a reply. Although it was never published in the "Marijuana Newsletter," it was not a work without literary merit:

In reply to your letter of November 30, 1965, I would advise you that I have been in touch with the Bureau of Narcotics and am of the same opinion that nothing has been done in your case that is illegal or inconsistent with law enforcement practices designed to enforce narcotics laws.

With reference to your remarks that, "We really ought to be done with all this silly shooting" in Vietnam, I believe that although you may have received some acclaim as a poet you lack credentials when it comes to politics and international affairs.

Do you really think that if persons having the philosophy of the Viet Cong take over you could possibly survive as a creative writer? Can you believe that you would be allowed to continue to publish your type of work any more than you could have under Hitler?

If you were spared execution or harsh imprisonment, you would be shipped to pick crops, work on an assembly line, or anything else that might please a local commissar.

There may be pros and cons as to our involvement in South Vietnam, but when you dismiss it as "this silly shooting" you show yourself to be as superficial as you are flippant.

More details of the alleged plot to set up Ginsberg surfaced when Jack Martin went on trial in New York on April 13, 1966. The *New York Times*, under a headline, U.S. PLOT TO "SET UP" GINSBERG FOR ARREST IS DESCRIBED TO JURY, reported testimony by Narcotics agent Bruce Jensen, who testified that he had asked Martin whether Ginsberg ever possessed or sold narcotics and, in addition, had asked Martin "if he would assist the Bureau of Narcotics as an informant." Although nothing ever came out of this federal intrigue, Ginsberg fared a little worse at the hands of the local magistrates of his hometown. In October 1966 he read poetry at the Paterson YMHA and, in an offhand remark, mentioned that he had visited the beautiful Passaic Falls that afternoon. The poet was so impressed by their beauty, he had smoked some marijuana to heighten the experience.

The next day Frank X. Graves, Jr., Paterson's mayor, read the statement in the newspaper and ordered a warrant for Ginsberg's arrest. The next time the poet returned to his hometown to read,

local police swooped in, and he was charged with smoking marijuana while viewing Passaic Falls. After a short and entertaining trial, the ludicrous charges were, of course, dropped.

But by 1966 it was clear that the marijuana laws would be selectively enforced, this time against the new minority group that was so flagrantly using the contraband substance. At the Bureau a campaign was once again set in motion, using the same case-history format of the earlier drives against the weed. Even though Anslinger was long gone to the bucolic valley of Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, his protégés had learned their lessons well. In a 1966 report entitled "Marihuana Traffic," the case is made of a "dramatic" increase in the total use of marijuana. And the culprits could be found on the college campuses, infecting the nation's youth, once again. After noting a partial list of 31 campuses where the marijuana scourge was spreading, a new scapegoat was singled out:

It is interesting to note a class of individuals who have descended on our institutes of learning, often bringing the drug habit with them. This is a strange breed of beatnik types known as "fringes." These are persons, as the term applies [sic], living on the fringe of academic life. They do not attend school but move on and off the campus with the students, tainting them as they go. From Harvard Square to Berkeley, California, these characters are content to become leeches on the academic atmosphere, expounding their theories on changing our nation while daily engaging in the use of drugs and other forms of vice.

The Bureau of Narcotics has in its files heartbreaking stories of the young coed who becomes enmeshed with the beatnik, physically and mentally, supporting him as they go from her monthly allowance.

Though the spirit of Anslinger still informed the work of the Bureau in Washington, the Old Man was far from silent in semiretirement. Never one to miss a good battle against the reefer crowd, Anslinger spread the antidrug gospel every chance he got. Typical of this was his commencement address delivered June 5, 1966, to the budding young citizen-graduates of Saint Francis College in Loretto, Pennsylvania:

A very great deal of the unrest and trouble being generated on the campuses of United States colleges today can be blamed directly on weak-willed administrators who somehow confuse academic freedom with anarchy... Five years ago the abuse of

drugs on the American campus was unheard of. Then, spurred by teachings of ultra-liberal professors, it spread like wildfire. The first real shock came at Oxford where the grandson of the former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan died from an overdose of heroin and cocaine. From that time on it appeared all over the world. This has happened (the abuse of drugs) at 16 colleges and universities in this State and 100 throughout the nation... Drugs have killed more people in the world than hydrogen bombs will ever destroy...

There is considerable slaughter on the highways today due to the driver's being under the influence of marihuana or other drugs. These murderers remain undetected. We are engaged in research to determine whether the driver was using drugs...

You are facing a world where you will need all your senses. Your mind must not be dulled by drugs. You must be alert; completely on guard at all times, not only in the competition of the business world, but in all activities.

Graduates, we beg of you, we beseech you to find some way to destroy the intellectual sanctions which promote free drugs, free love, and other dangerous freedoms. If not checked, these false prophets will put this nation on the road to ruin just as they have done in previous civilizations...

Remain faithful to your beliefs. Trust in yourselves. Believe in your courage and follow where courage bids you go. Place your hand without fear in the hand of the Gentle Guide who will lead you through the winding road which goes uphill all the way. If we be dust, then the whole world is our country and everybody in it our kin. May Divine Providence send you rich blessings in the years ahead.

Though of course we all were dust, it was clear that to Anslinger, some kin were closer than other kin. For at the very time that address was being given, the former commissioner was sewing up a behind-the-scenes move that would banish marijuana from the United States forever, or so the proponents of the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs hoped. Actually, the Single Convention, which was an international treaty regulating narcotic drugs throughout the world, had been passed originally in 1961. At that time Anslinger had been a prime mover behind the convention; however, a last-minute move to dilute the strength of some of the prohibitions had left a bad taste in the commissioner's mouth, and the Bureau had recommended that the United States not be a signatory to the treaty.

But with the specter of marijuana and LSD-crazed militants occupying

every last "sacred hall" of learning, Anslinger moved to resurrect the treaty and once and for all bind marijuana to stringent international control. On April 27, 1967, Anslinger, along with a deputy assistant Secretary of State and a special assistant to the Secretary of Treasury were the only witnesses before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Naturally, all three favored ratification of the long-dormant treaty.

But it was Anslinger who, with characteristic frankness, told the senators the reason for the sudden interest in the pact:

Another important reason for becoming a party to the 1961 convention is the marijuana problem... Several groups in the United States are loudly agitating to liberalize controls, and, in fact, to legalize its use. In the convention it is very specific that we must prevent its misuse. If the United States becomes a party to the 1961 convention we will be able to use our treaty obligations to resist legalized use of marijuana. This discussion is going on all over the country, in many universities, and in fringe groups, and it is rather disturbing.

Oddly enough, the Foreign Relations Committee heard no witnesses in opposition to the treaty, even though there was no uniform agreement with respect to the regulation of marijuana, even within the government, at this point. Earlier that year the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice issued its report, "The Challenge of Crime in a Free Society," in which serious doubts were expressed about the severity of the regulations against marijuana. The commission, noting that the marijuana-leads-to-crime-and-heroin theory seemed shoddy, called for an exhaustive study of the use of marijuana under the aegis of the National Institute of Mental Health.

Anslinger's answer was to railroad the Single Convention through the Senate while no one was looking. After the one-day hearing, the treaty passed the Senate by a vote of 84 to 0, without debate, of course. The event was so unremarkable that the *New York Times* didn't even bother to report the passage. But, for the time being at least, Anslinger had the last laugh. Mocked by the hippies, crucified in their underground press, unceremoniously dumped from office by a young, vigorous president who might well have been a weed smoker himself, the bald-domed crusader had his revenge. For even today responsible legislators and prudent administrators point to the Single Convention when explaining why mari-

juana can never be legalized in America. Citing the *Missouri v. Holland* migratory bird case as a precedent, Anslinger's legacy has effectively throttled the dreams of those who would see marijuana dispensed from every corner store, as if they were Kent 100's. The Old Man had scored quite a victory that day in May 1967, and he knew it. "We've got [it] locked up so tightly now, they'll never change the law," he exulted—and, so far, he was right.

Soloman was on the phone with Alfred Lindesmith. Lindesmith was a longtime foe of Anslinger's, one of the bleeding-heart liberal academics who were always propounding these ridiculous theories that drug addicts need medical care and not incarceration. The commissioner had moved at various times against Lindesmith, sending agents to his campus at Indiana University, trying to suppress studies and foment trouble. The old sociology professor was in his 80s by now, but it was clear to the reporter that he was not at all adverse to reminisce about Anslinger.

"You can't believe what Anslinger says, either, you know," Lindesmith cautioned. "An entrepreneur and a politician like Anslinger is playing a game, and it was perfectly obvious to me when I met him at the White House conference. I took the subject seriously, I was serious about it when I was doing it, I wasn't playing any goddamn games, and I was afraid at first that Anslinger might have connections with underworld characters and he'd send someone out here and knock me off, which would have been the easiest goddamn thing in the world to do. Okay, now he isn't that type of person; he could have done it easy."

"Okay, now I'm in the White House Conference of 1962 in this big room, and there's a recess, and I wanted to go visit a judge I knew who was in trouble at that time because Anslinger was critical of him because he granted bail to a narcotics offender. So I started off across the room, and lo and behold, suddenly Anslinger is in front of me talking to somebody. And we both had to turn sideways to get past, and he looked at my name tag and said, 'Ah, Doctor Lindesmith,' and he extended his hand, the only words I had ever had with him, and he said, 'You've, uh, you've contributed something to this party.'"

"'Mr. Anslinger,' I said, 'You've made my life very interesting, too.' And he smiled benignly, and it was perfectly obvious to me at that meeting when I met him and Giordano and the other

On November 14, 1975, at 1:05 P.M. in a small hospital in Altoona, Pennsylvania, Harry Jacob Anslinger heaved one last sigh and then shrugged off his mortal coil...

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flunkies who had assailed me violently in the smearing way when they wrote that rebuttal on the ABA-AMA report, it was perfectly obvious to me that they were just playing a game. They had no grudge against me; I was just a cipher in the situation, and this was a tactic they used."

Following the lead of Allen Ginsberg and Tim Leary and other sources credible to the new generation, the use of marijuana burgeoned during the '60s, especially among white middle-class youth. And for the first time its use became associated with a political position that was inimical to the government. Whereas during the other decades of its utilization in America marijuana served as a purely recreational drug for its devotees, in the '60s the weed took on additional politically charged meaning.

While it was the first time that marijuana became associated with an overtly political stance, i.e., antiwar, antiauthority, from the enforcement point of view, it would not be the first time the marijuana laws could be applied politically. So by the late 1960s, a concerted effort was made to make political arrests by charging the targets with possession of small amounts of marijuana. The classic cases, of course, were the cases of Tim Leary, John Sinclair, Otis Lee Johnson and Mark Rudd. Four activists, all of different stripe, all arrested in various parts of the country, all receiving outrageous sentences (most over 10 years) for possession of minute amounts of grass.

In fact, this idea of making political arrests using marijuana as the violation was institutionalized in 1968 by the Federal Bureau of Investigation as part of a program called "Cointel," a counterintelligence program designed to disrupt the New Left.

The original idea was proposed in a memo from C.D. Brennan to William Sullivan, a high-ranking FBI official. Its goal was clear:

... to expose, disrupt and otherwise neutralize the activities of this group (New Left) and persons connected with it. It is hoped that with this new program their violent and illegal activities may be reduced if not curtailed.

The plan called for a number of "dirty tricks" to be played on the leftist leadership, including forged letters creating rifts, phony articles planted in friendly media and "the use of cartoons, photographs, and anonymous letters which will have the effect of ridiculing the

New Left."

Additionally, marijuana was seen as a potent tool to disrupt the leftist opposition:

Since the use of marijuana and other narcotics is widespread among members of the New Left, you should be alert to opportunities to have them arrested by local authorities on drug charges. Any information concerning the fact that individuals have marijuana or are engaging in a narcotics party should be immediately furnished to local authorities and they should be encouraged to take action.

This strategy would also work against the antiwar coffeehouses that were springing up near every large army base in the United States. Again, marijuana was a convenient entry for the authorities.

The field was previously advised that New Left groups are attempting to open coffeehouses near military bases in order to influence members of the Armed Forces. Wherever these coffeehouses are, friendly news media should be alerted to them and their purpose. In addition, various drugs, such as marijuana, will probably be utilized by individuals running the coffeehouses or frequenting them. Local law enforcement authorities should be promptly advised whenever you receive an indication that this is being done.

Throughout the '60s Ginsberg continued his media assault on the antiquated marijuana laws. He did the second-line talk shows; "Never the big one, never on 'Johnny Carson,'" the poet remembered. In fact, after one 1971 appearance on Cavett's show, Arthur Godfrey, who was there to tape Cavett's next show, totally wiggled, angrily denounced "this unnatural bearded freak," and then asked Cavett not to run the show. By this time the Bureau had given up on rebuttals, relying on the inherent conservatism of the interviewers to put Ginsberg's comments in an appropriately derogatory context.

But after Ginsberg's 1966 testimony before the Dodd subcommittee on juvenile delinquency, where the poet urged more studies on hallucinogenics, the media began treating his views with more respect. By then he was a veteran poet, noted author, Guggenheim fellow.

All the while his various governmental agency files thickened. While Ginsberg was never arrested on drug charges, his file suggests that the Bureau paid careful attention to his activities. Sometimes this attention bordered on the

voyeuristic, as this 1967 memo showed:

Subject of Memorandum—Photograph of Allen GINSBERG

1. On this date, I received a photograph of Allen GINSBERG where he is pictured in an indecent pose. For possible future use, the photograph has been placed in a locked sealed envelope marked "Photograph of Allen GINSBERG—Gen File: Allen GINSBERG." The locked sealed envelope has been placed in the vault of this office for safekeeping.

Although Ginsberg himself escaped a brush with the narcotics laws, his passion for this issue was fueled by the experiences of many of his closest friends who fell prey to Anslinger and his men. Huncke and Burroughs both ran afoul of the narcotics laws, as did the legendary hero of *On the Road*, Neal Cassady.

"Cassady's story was very important," Ginsberg remembered. "It relates to what you were asking about whether the whole rise of the counterculture was involved with grass as well as the war. Around 1946 I gave Neal his first grass, I think. Around Broadway and Amsterdam at 92nd Street. Then he got quite into it. By 1949 and 1950 he was smoking all the time. In the middle of Kerouac's *Visions of Cody*, there's a great on-the-spot transcript of a couple of guys, Neal and Jack, getting high real early and talking about Mezz Mezzrow and the jazz cats. They were talking about a visit Neal and I took from Denver in 1947 to Burroughs's marijuana farm in New Waverly, Texas. Burroughs had left New York and had this farm with Huncke and his wife Joan, and he had a big marijuana garden. Burroughs and Huncke and Neal drove off to New York later and sold the stuff in Times Square.

"Neal got more and more involved in smoking grass. He was sort of a Johnny Appleseed of grass, going around giving grass to everybody in San Francisco. He went on a one-man campaign to turn on everybody in the Bay Area up to 1950. He was well known by everyone. He was there, and there was this big counterculture. He was the one running around giving grass to everyone and going to Mexico as a railroad man and bringing a whole bunch back. Not to sell, but to give away. He was the big connection for North Beach when North Beach was the big hippie haven. 1957 Beatnik Summer. By 1960 it had spread nationally.

"He became notorious and was known by the police. He was giving it to everybody. He was working on the

railroad, too. In fact, he was getting high while he was the main brakeman in the back of the Eisenhower campaign train. He was smoking grass while he was swinging his red brakeman's lantern. He was living on Russian Hill and had to get to work one day and hitched a ride with a couple of guys who took him downtown, and he traded them a stick of pot for the ride. It turned out that they were police. They waited a month or so, then went to him with a warrant and busted him. He was sentenced to five to ten years in jail for one joint. This was 1959. We visited him in San Quentin."

"He lost his Pacific Railroad job, too," Peter Orlovsky added.

"He did two and a half years," Ginsberg almost shouted. "He was one of the early political martyrs. Cassady of all people—he was so nonpolitical—was one of the early political martyrs to the drug law." Ginsberg shook his hairy head.

"He was so happy and full of energy," Orlovsky remembered with a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"He was in two and a half years," Ginsberg continued. "It was an enormous time, right in the middle of his life. It was a criminal thing. That's why I hate the Narcotics Bureau so much. They took this beautiful boy away and put him in jail for two years. This hero. For nothing! The anguish and tragedies the Narcotics Bureau has caused is uncalculable. In California they make eighty thousand busts a year and like sixty thousand of them are kids."

"Under eighteen. Sixty percent under eighteen," Peter noted.

"Can you imagine forty thousand people being taken from their homes and dragged to jail? And Neal among them. Great people among them. Billie Holiday. But they threw the book at Neal because they knew who he was. The narcs were out to get him," Ginsberg added bitterly.

"So he really changed, huh?" Sloman wondered. "He was kind of carefree and he came out sort of broken?"

Ginsberg shook his head vigorously. "No, he wasn't broken. He came out stronger than ever. Smarter than ever. But the cheerfulness was no longer there. He was a slightly grim person. He never could get another job again that was as good, and it messed up his family. Soon after his bust there was a lot of amphetamine coming on the scene, partly because busting him threw a crimp into grass; it traumatized the grass scene. He continued his lively energetic career with Ken Kesey.

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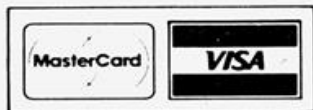
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"Neal was an old vet, though. He had had a lot of notoriety as the prototype of *On the Road*. So people knew who he was. But the reason I have such a grudge against Podhoretz and all the literary people who attacked Kerouac is because, rather than respecting him, by coming on with such a negative attitude to this essentially American optimism and lyricism and making it into a monstrous image, they perhaps unwittingly left it open to a police-state mentality to try to bust and persecute literary people who were of that school. Instead of being treated with dignity as a hero, a literary prototype and a person of energy and artistic interest, Neal was treated as some sort of social monster, and the whole beat thing was treated as a social monsterhood. This left it easy prey.

"When he got busted in 1958, instead of it being a headline in the San Francisco papers that this heroic literary person, friend of Kerouac and myself, had put San Francisco on the map, had been busted and what a shame, instead of being a Sartre-like international scandal, nobody knew and nobody cared. As if it were just another fuck head, dope fiend, beatnik. It was tragic.

"And we were all helpless to do anything. The barrage of beatnikoid imagery sprayed through the media had given the literary scene such a questionable name. First, you had to explain yourself before you could go on. Much less go through history and explain what was wrong with the marijuana laws. So there was Neal, the dope fiend, in San Quentin for two and a half years. Only he knew how unreasonable and irrational the law was. The law, the lawyers, the courts, the police. A giant conspiracy to put him in jail for nothing. Moloch squatting over men's brains."

Ginsberg paused for breath, playing with his beard absentmindedly. Peter was just silently shaking his head, his long ponytail flailing his back.

Slooman broke the silence. "In effect, what happens after that is the development of a supportive counterculture in which somebody can get busted and not think that he's the only one."

"Everybody knew that on a personal level!" Ginsberg shouted, almost in anguish. "On a poetic level. On a literary level. It just hadn't reached the papers."

Of course that was to change in the '60s. And one of the reasons for the rapid increase in the use of marijuana was the shift in the media with regards to the drug. Because more and more journalists began using grass and experiencing firsthand the discrepancy between its

effects and the awesome, horrible effects attributed to it by officialdom, more articles took a different view toward the drug itself.

Another great source of media attention was the Draconian penalties that were meted out during the '60s to white, young middle-class Americans. In October 1969 *Life* magazine put pot on its cover and featured a story about a Danville, Virginia, long-distance runner who wound up behind bars serving a 20-year sentence for transporting three pounds of marijuana.

But even more media scrutiny was centered on celebrity busts, arrests which most often involved the sons and daughters of prominent citizens. Here, even the more conservative elements of the society received no immunity. The list of arrests could have read like a *Who's Who*: Bebe Rebozo's nephew, Walt Rostow's son, John Steinbeck's son, Spiro Agnew's daughter. In fact, when Robert Kennedy, Jr., and R. Sargent Shriver III were arrested for possession of marijuana on August 8, 1970, Walter Cronkite was moved to note on his nightly news broadcast, "This case is not unusual; more and more parents across the nation find themselves going to court with their children on drug charges. It's becoming an incident of modern living."

But it was not just the youth who were utilizing the drug. In the '70s marijuana broke all the age, class or racial barriers, and its use became routine among vast new segments. One such group was blue-collar, working-class youth, many of whom received their introduction into the world of marijuana while serving in the armed forces halfway around the world.

Vietnam provided American soldiers with a context in which they could perceive marijuana as a recreational drug, denuded of any political or sociological import. Of course marijuana use among military men was an old tradition in American life from the Philippines to the Canal Zone to India, and it should come as no surprise to find that upwards of 50 percent of the enlisted men in Vietnam admitted to having tried marijuana in a country where potent pot is so available.

But what was so striking about the use of grass in Vietnam was the fact that many of the more conservative and patriotic members of the youth of America were enjoying the same substance that their more radical counterparts back home were crediting with having enlightened them to the immorality of that same war.

Whereas the dissenters at home would associate their use of pot with political and sociological dimensions, marijuana seemed to be used in Vietnam as a coping device. It was this purely recreational use of the drug that would predominate as the '70s moved farther and farther away from the '60s. The veterans who returned to the United States from Vietnam were very much like the Mexicans who migrated to the United States in the early 1900s, working-class people who enjoyed a smoke of marijuana as a diversion from their daily routine. These returning heroes then served as role models for their friends and younger siblings, and marijuana became even more firmly entrenched among the working-class youth.

By the mid-1970s estimates of regular marijuana smokers ran as high as 20 million people, making this cohort a strong closet constituency united by their common predilection for a pleasant change of consciousness. But it seemed that even these numbers did little to change the consciousness of the authorities. Although it was argued that marijuana was not a priority of the Drug Enforcement Agency (the successor to the Bureau of Narcotic and Dangerous Drugs, which superseded the old Bureau of Narcotics), in 1974, 445,600 people were arrested on marijuana violations, the majority of them being young citizens for simple possession.

Of course by now drug enforcement was a big business. When Anslinger left the Bureau to retire to Hollidaysburg, there were agents fighting the battle against drugs. When the Bureau was reorganized under the Justice Department in 1963, their manpower had increased to 2,000. By the mid-1970s, the DEA could boast of having some 10,000 agents scattered throughout the world. And it was more than a little ironic that while thousands of federal and state and local drug-enforcement officials were still busting hundreds of thousands of the more than 20 million confirmed potheads, on November 14, 1975, at 1:05 P.M. in a small hospital in Altoona, Pennsylvania, Harry Jacob Anslinger heaved one last sigh and then shrugged off his mortal coil, at last forgetting about traffickers, and killer weeds, and doped racehorses, and his opium pipe collection, at last attaining that peace that he knew deep down in his bones no drug could ever come close to delivering. Although there was no viewing of the body, throughout the country among the cannabis cognoscenti, thousands of small flames were fired up to mark the occasion. □

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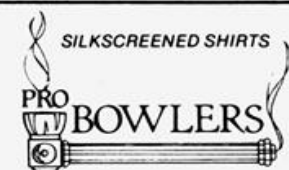
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William L. Shirer,
Berlin Diary, 1941

485 LOSING THE DRUG WAR The world is losing the battle against narcotics, the UN Commission on Narcotic Drugs concluded at a meeting in Vienna. Ian Hargreaves reports in the independent *Financial Times* of London [Feb. 11]: "Italy told of heroin laboratories recently unearthed in Sicily, indicating the reemergence of Mafia dope rings; Malaysia reported a 13-percent increase in drug addiction; Britain, a doubling of heroin seizures by customs in 1982.

"Pakistan—which has become Europe's biggest heroin supplier and created more than 25,000 addicts of its own as a byproduct—said its black market was now in turn being flooded with illegally handled Western pharmaceutical drugs. Sweden said heroin abuse had now spread beyond the normal confines of the big cities. And even China—which amazed everyone in the 1950s by stamping out opium with a mixture of ferocious law enforcement and sealed borders—admitted that last year heroin had made its return."

World Press Review,
April 1983

486 MAE SALONG, THAILAND—Tigers and opium poppies abounded in the neighborhood when this mountain-top community in remote northern Thailand was settled in 1961. But the most dangerous creatures were the settlers—soldiers of the Chinese Nationalist Fifth Army who victory in 1949.

Once in Thailand the soldiers grew wealthy from opium. The Thai Government did not want them, but they were well-trained anti-Communists on a delicate frontier, and they also made some corrupt Thai officials very rich.

But the settlers were also deeply lawless; they were unpredictable as border guards and became increasingly embarrassing.

In 1967 their leader, Gen. Tuan Shi-wen, told a British journalist in Mae Salong that, since opium was the money of the mountains, he would use opium to buy guns to

fight Communists. Four years later, according to a Central Intelligence Agency report, Mae Salong had one of the largest heroin refineries in Southeast Asia.

New York Times,
Feb. 3, 1983

487 HITMEN TARGET DRUG SQUAD DOG Police in Berkeley Township, N.J., say there is a contract out on the life of a highly successful drug-sniffing dog.

Patrolman Robert Senkbeil, trainer and handler of the rottweiler named Zekuno, said there have already been two attempts to kill the 4-year-old animal.

An attempt to kill the dog with rat poison placed in a patrol car failed because the dog had been trained to bark at poison, Senkbeil said.

Senkbeil would not elaborate on the other attempt.

But he said police have learned through sources that there is a standing contract on the dog's life.

Zekuno, one of four dogs in the department's canine unit, has played a role in more than 100 drug investigations in his 2½ years on the job.

He has been used by various municipalities as well as by federal and state investigators throughout New Jersey and Pennsylvania, police said.

"He's one of the few dogs with just about a 100 percent success rate.

"He's come up with things where people have taken them apart and been unable to find anything.

"He's found things inside metal components. It's exceptional," Senkbeil said.

Police have installed a screen in the vehicle that carries the dog and taken other steps to improve protection, he said.

"He's been moved. He's very well protected. He's never left unattended," he said.

Senkbeil said police will urge legislation so that anyone convicted of killing dogs will receive a heavy penalty.

"Now, they could take this dog and wipe out his life and it's like tough luck, your dog is gone," Senkbeil said.

New York Post, Apr. 1, 1983

488 "SOPHISTICATED AND HIGHLY TOXIC cancer drugs are sold in West Africa markets for a wide variety of ills. In the Middle East and elsewhere individual

doses of powerful antibiotics are sold as cough and cold remedies to people who have no way of knowing that incomplete courses of these drugs are useless, as well as an encouragement to antibiotic-resistant strains of bacteria. All over the poor world under- and malnourished people waste money on heavily promoted tonics and vitamins—money that would be infinitely better spent on food."

Anwar Fazal, president of the
International Conference of
Consumers' Unions, Wall
Street Journal, Mar. 24, 1983

489 ATTITUDES ABOUT THE CURABILITY of addictions are distorted by the fact that "hardly anyone has studied those who modify their addictions without therapy," Dr. Marlatt said. "We bias our results by studying only those in treatment programs. We don't know how many people have stopped drinking on their own." Dr. Stanley Schachter, a psychologist at Columbia University, has found that, in contrast to the poor results often shown following formal treatment, many people do successfully overcome addictions on their own. He noted that although the results of treatment programs for such addictions as smoking, alcohol and overeating show an overall failure rate of 70 to 80 percent within a year, when he interviewed the entire working population along the main street of Amagansett, L.I., he found that three-fourths of those who had been smokers had eventually succeeded in quitting. The same results were found for people who had once been obese. The results suggest that only those people who cannot succeed on their own enter treatment programs...

While some advocates of methadone maintenance assert that it succeeds in 80 percent of heroin addicts, Dr. Robert E. Gould, professor of psychiatry at New York Medical College and consultant to Project Return, a drug-free therapeutic community, points out that "success is defined solely as not using heroin." Many in methadone maintenance programs abuse alcohol, barbiturates and other drugs, including methadone itself, Dr. Gould said. Furthermore, he added, "record-keeping is dreadful."

New York Times, Feb. 1, 1983

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to:
Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

They asked me then to touch Melissa, to see if for once I could touch her with nonconceptual, unconditional love—without movies running simultaneously in my head—and leave her purity unblemished.

I touched her with my hand, avoiding her eyes, everyone watching in breath-catching silence. But I was thinking, *How do I get out of this?*

She said she didn't feel anything—that there was nothing there, no person, no consciousness, just this blank space—then hurriedly snuggled back in with the teacher's family.

As though beyond the very limits of the reprehensible, but still there and unavoidable just the same, the attraction/repulsion I seemed to feel for all women kept looming larger and larger in the consciousness—like a giant pimple waiting to be popped.

"Tell us what it would be like, Eugene," said one of the teacher's ladies to me, with laughter in her eyes, "to have your wildest dreams fulfilled."

That brought the skeleton crashing out of the closet. How could I tell her I wanted to make love to *her*? Impossible! How could anybody there not know what I was thinking anyway? Layer after secretive layer of moldy subconscious stash was probed, revealing the sexual fantasies and obsessions, the dreaded latent homosexuality, the masturbatory self-absorption, with all the obsequious fear and guilt...

Judgment Day, to put it in a nutshell. Both Heaven and Hell seemed to be at our fingertips—with Hell much more immediately at hand. *Everyone and everything was on fire.* My old friends, having revealed themselves as being fit to sit in the seat of judgment—and who was I at that point to object?—had cloven my head with the two-edged sword of truth.

It was heavy duty, I can tell you. Something like being drummed naked out of the regiment, with a personal statement of disassociation by the brigadier general and his wife, while being televised live on the intergalactic astral network.

Too crazy, and lingering at the multiple-microgram level of embarrassment, despair and catatonia, I ended up being put out on the road for quite a long spell—*timeless* to me then—hitchhiking around Northern

California with my pack and sleeping bag. I spare-changed in front of the health-food stores for a while, wallowing in my humility—even took up with a back-to-the-land hippie/Indian tribe along the Navarro River, thinking wistfully of changing my affiliation. But eventually I ended up living in the woods alone on Mount Tamalpais—the tripper's Shangri-La. They had put me on the road for relativity and meditation ("Come back enlightened"), and I took that idea seriously, with the aid of a few hits of windowpane acid that a fellow hitchhiker with a good vibe had laid on me.

I took two hits on one of those knolls overlooking both the ocean and the bay, as a white blanket of fog was moving in from the horizon, through the Golden Gate and over the city.

The two hits did it. Hit by a hurricane of molten micro-particles, with the entire material manifestation disembodied and dissolving down to the cellular, then molecular level, until it all finally fused with overwhelming white light, there was nothing I could do but cop to God.

How else could you explain it? There was something *other* than the Void. And if you copped to God, you ended up wanting to live the kind of life that would keep you close to God, experiencing God all the time, with the wild, honey-sweet *kundalini* energy of the universal life force flowing up your spine and radiating from your crown *chakra* and turning every day into a miracle.

I knew, from the climactic moment of that trip, when there was no "me" there, with a newly radiant material reality reconstituting and Paradise regained, that there could be no course for my incarnation but to come to the aid of the long-suffering Earth by bringing down however much I could of the spiritual energy necessary for her salvation. Her body bruised, her integrity battered, the Earth had been victimized for too long by the mindless, self-serving desecration of the female principle. If the Earth—both habitat and mother to us all—were to be saved, there was no other choice but to *stone* the multitudinous inhabitants who had her now so completely in their power. If every person on the planet could be as *astonished* as I was at that moment by the infinite beauty of the world they'd been born into, maybe enough people would rise up in time to stop the rape.

But for me to live my life in such

/ continued on page 89

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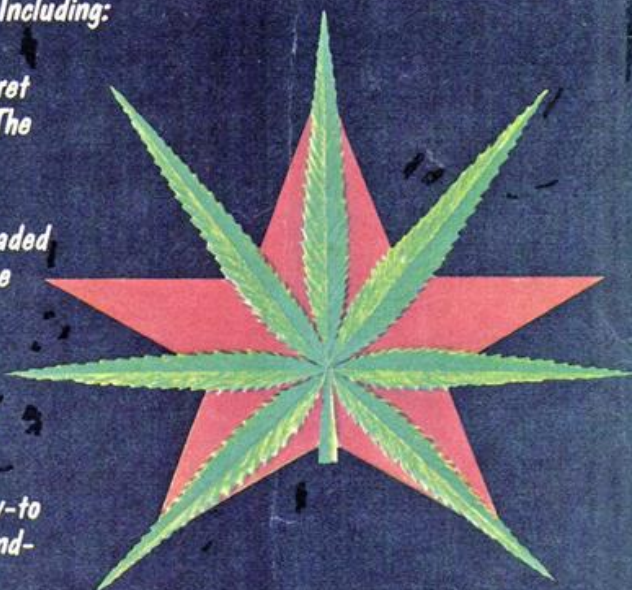
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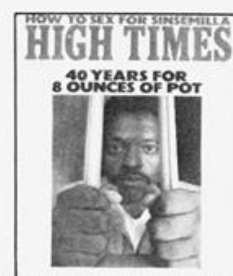
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JEWISH CHAMELEONS AND ANDALUSIAN DOGS

A hopeless psychotic finds himself,
and the world loses Luis Bunuel.

Zelig (D-Sc: Woody Allen. Cam: Gordon Willis. With Woody Allen and Mia Farrow)—Woody Allen has had his problems with film critics and audiences ever since *Annie Hall* won the Oscar, but on his latest, *Zelig*, there seems to be a fair amount of unanimity: critics are impressed, audiences (at least in Manhattan) choke the sidewalks. My own feelings about *Zelig* are mixed; I wasn't down on *Interiors*, *Stardust Memories* or *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*; so, relatively speaking, I'm not that far up on *Zelig*. For me, Allen remains the most consistently excellent of all active American writer-directors and *Zelig* is just another step onward and upward in his giddy oeuvre. Besides—and this may be the key point—I don't think mass audiences are going to find the film all that rib-tickling; the humor is more delicate and sophisticated, more "special." Paradoxically, *Zelig*, which deals with a highly personal artistic problem of Allen's, may be the most "serious" film he's done yet.

Zelig is the story of a human "chameleon," a hapless chap named Leonard Zelig who has no personality of his own and therefore becomes whomever he's close to: a baseball player, a *bon vivant*, a gangster. He becomes them not only psychologically, but *physically*; that's why, in the '20s and '30s (the most publicity-mad and iconographic of American periods) he's such a sensation. Fat men stand next to Zelig and he bulges out, black men turn him funky and rabbis make him sprout beards and aphorisms. Zelig is such a personal blank and cipher he's even capable of winding up in the second row of Nazi functionaries behind a ranting Adolf Hitler. He is the ultimate *nada*, the quenched superego, the personality as mirror. Finally, a comely, dedicated young psychiatrist, Dr. Eudora Fletcher (Mia Far-



row) tries to "cure" him; how and why she accomplishes this makes up *Zelig*'s story.

Zelig's "disease" mirrors something besides the people he's standing next to; it mirrors his creator's own tendency to be a chameleon, to soak up influences: to copy Bob Hope's nervous, glib concupiscence or Chaplin's slapstick pathos; to imitate Bergman (*Interiors*, *Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*) or Fellini (*Stardust Memories*) or '30s Warner Brothers (*Take the Money and Run*) or Bogart movies (*Play It Again, Sam*) or Dostoevski and Tolstoy (*Love and Death*). Just like Leonard Zelig, Woody Allen has tended to find *himself* by aping the styles of others; he began "losing his humor"—for part of the audience, at least—when he began aping those styles lovingly, rather than simply sending them up.

The movie *Zelig*, however, is also a parody: a parody of the standard PBS documentary (and also, in a way, of one of Allen's own favorites, Marcel Ophüls's *The Sorrow and the Pity*). The

parody, in fact, is so immaculate, such a virtuoso job of faking and cinematographic mimicry, that it's no wonder critics have lavished praise on it. Woody splices himself into most of the memorable events of the '20s and '30s: We see him at San Simeon, struggling with Pope Pius XII's retinue on the Vatican balcony, standing on deck at Yankee Stadium with "Murderer's Row" and even peeking out from behind Hitler's shoulder at a Nuremberg rally. There are "interviews" with such cultural nabobs as Saul Bellow, Susan Sontag, Irving Howe and Dr. Bruno Bettelheim (a little nose-tweak, evidently, from Woody to Warren Beatty, apropos of *Reds* and Diane Keaton); and "cinema verité" psychiatric sessions between Leonard and Dr. Fletcher.

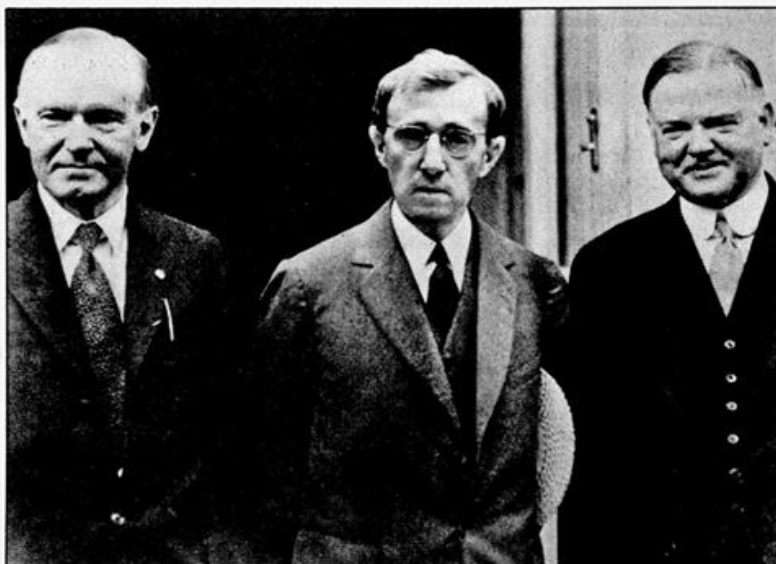
The obvious model here is the great "News on the March" opening obituary in *Citizen Kane*, simply extended for an hour and a half. In fact, I think Woody may have missed a bet by not persuading Orson Welles to do the narration; beyond having perfect cultural associations and sonorities, Welles would have given the narration a warmth and wit lacking here. Patrick Horgan is a bit too deadpan for me—he kills some of the humor.

But not, fortunately, all of it. *Zelig* is a charming little curio, obsessive, immaculate—Woody's left-handed tribute to psychoanalysis and nostalgia... and Mia Farrow; all of which, obviously, are among the necessities of his life.

Stalker (Russian. D: Andrei Tarkovsky)—The greatest movie science-fiction directors are not George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. They are Stanley Kubrick (who did the most to inspire the current wave and remains its champion) and a fairly obscure Russian named Andrei Tarkovsky. Tarkovsky's

obscurity is caused not by his talent, but by his country's industry. As an intransigent director in a rigidly controlled, dogmatically political studio environment, he has (like his equally brilliant colleague, Serge Paradjenov) seen his work shelved, and held up for years by censors and bureaucrats. (Unlike Paradjenov, he has not been arrested and imprisoned.) Only his burgeoning international prestige seems to save him; his 1966 *Andrei Rublev*, a vast historical fresco about an ascetic icon-painter, recently placed twelfth on the all-time *Sight and Sound* International Critic's Poll, although it's barely had a full-circuit release anywhere. The Soviet government blocked its release for four years.

Tarkovsky's science fictional preeminence is due to two films: *Solaris* (based on a Stanislaw Lem novel) and *Stalker*. They are all scantily distributed, and you may have to take matters (and your local theaters) into your own hands to get a chance to see them. *Stalker* is a three-hour-long, slow, magnificently photographed mood piece, almost bereft of dialogue, seething with tension. It is a paranoid fable about a seedy, miserable guide (the "Stalker") who takes two men, nicknamed "Writer" and "Scientist," through the "Zone"—the danger-laden, off-limits, heavily guarded site of a meteorite landing. Perhaps the Inner Chambers of the Zone will grant these searchers their heart's desire; perhaps they will die in the



Top left: Zelig, Zelig, everywhere—Woody Allen (center), as Leonard Zelig, confers with former presidents Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. Bottom left: After completing the first successful upside-down transcontinental flight across the Atlantic, Zelig and his psychiatrist, Eudora Fletcher (Mia Farrow), are hailed as international heroes. Right: Training for an upcoming bout, heavyweight champ Jack Dempsey takes a short time out to clown around with the ubiquitous Zelig.



Photographs Courtesy of Warner Bros.

Luis Bunuel, 1900-1983

Fifty-five years ago we saw him for the first time, a brutally handsome young Spaniard with lidded, almost reptilian eyes, an expression wickedly urbane and a cigarette jutting lazily from his mouth—stropping a razor on a moonlit balcony. (The occasion was the 1928 premiere of a little avant-garde, "independent" film.) Seconds later the 28-year-old director-cowriter-actor Luis Bunuel had given us one of the cinema's most shocking images: Bunuel grasps, calmly, the face of his leading lady... A thin cloud slices the moon... The razor moves... A huge eye fills the screen... The razor slices it open and a white drop of viscous liquid oozes over the edge.

This was the 1928 *Un Chien Andalou*, financed by Bunuel's mother, written with the young painter Salvador Dali (who was later to denounce Bunuel to his employers at New York's Museum of Modern Art as an atheist and Communist). Almost immediately it was a film classic—though the sardonic young cineaste snorted contemptuously at Parisian aesthetes who saw "beauty" and "art" in "what was obviously a clear and passionate call to murder." Of course, he was speaking in allusion and symbols, though he always denied this. Not for the last time, he was calling on his audi-

ence to open their eyes, force them open if necessary, to observe the madness, horror and hypocrisy around them.

Of all the cinematic "rebels" of this century, Bunuel is pre-eminent: the fiercest, the most radical, the most uncompromising and, paradoxically, the longest-lived. All his life, whatever situation he found himself in—whether directing Marxist documentaries, Mexican potboilers, American melodramas, Spanish film *maudits* or late surrealist classics like *Belle de Jour* and *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*, he refused to shoot an inch of film that violated his beliefs. "Even under 'popular commercial' conditions," he said, "I have always worked in accordance with my own conscience. Not one of my films contains the slightest detail which goes against my moral or political convictions." He was a no-nonsense director who drank two liters of wine every day, joked with his casts and crews and scorned all artistic preciousness or pretension: He and his Mexican cameraman, Gabriel Figueroa, would amuse themselves by lining up weird, "beautifully lit," aesthetically angled shots—and then laughingly abandon them for the simplest setup possible.

He was undoubtedly the least sentimental film director who ever lived, certainly one of the gutsiest. For over half a century he repeatedly attacked the State, the Church, the Family, the institution of marriage, the capitalist system and practically every piety and fond illusion dear to the hearts of

attempt, but the Stalker himself will remain separate, unfulfilled, forever apart. With a minimum of special effects (you probably couldn't shoot three minutes of *Return of the Jedi* for what was spent here), Tarkovsky creates an atmosphere of overpowering strangeness. You swim through the film as if through a fever dream, a nightmare, a murky, tense haze. Unlike Lucas and Spielberg, but like Kubrick and Ridley Scott (and perhaps like *Eraserhead's* David Lynch who is now adapting Frank Herbert's *Dune*), Tarkovsky makes science-fiction movies for adults: dark, chilling, eerie tales that have ambiguity



as well as wonder.

Heat and Dust (D: James Ivory. Sc: Ruth Praver Jhabvala. With Julie Christie, Shashi Kapoor, Greta Scacchi and Nickolas Grace)—This is the latest from one of the world's tightest-knit, longest-lived and most independent production combos: producer Ismail Merchant, director James Ivory and screenwriter-novelist Ruth Praver Jhabvala. From their 1962 adaptation of Jhabvala's novel, *The Householder* (including such memorable collaborations as *Shakespeare Wallah* and *Savages*), they have hewn out a distinct, delicate little territory. The Merchant-Ivory unit specializes in literate, "sophisticated" evocations of a usually upper-class milieu: their wan desperations, their erotic breakthroughs. (Merchant-Ivory films have included adaptations of Henry James and Jean Rhys; on his own, Ivory has adapted John Cheever.) Merchant often achieves miraculous production values on relatively small budgets; Jhabvala supplies delicately nuanced dialogue; and Ivory shoots with the sort of painstaking—or fussy—attention to detail that characterized the early '30s Irving Thalberg regime at MGM and British literary adaptations of the '40s. Merchant-Ivory makes, in a way, connoisseur's films—though, from another angle, they are films for people who don't especially like movies, whose only fictional TV fare might be the latest serial on *Masterpiece Theatre*.

Heat and Dust is mostly set in "British

India," an area in which the Indian Merchant, the American Ivory and the British Jhabvala obviously have a huge advantage. It is an interracial love story, set mostly in the '20s, and based on Jhabvala's novel—with the passion and miscegenation of the past (a British officer's wife seduced by the chutney-eyed, honey-voiced Nawab, or local prince—scandalizing her entire community), juxtaposed with the "Westernized" India of the present (as the woman's grandniece crosses the same racial and sexual barriers while investigating her ancestor's racy history). Times have changed: The India of the '70s is "blessed" with radio, TV, telephone wires, even a few mantra-chanting hippies from Idaho.

Largely because of the presence of Julie Christie (as Anne, the grandniece), *Heat and Dust* often irresistibly recalls another movie love story which played past against present: Joseph Losey and Harold Pinter's adaptation of *The Go-Between*; but it pales in comparison. Perhaps it's a little too exquisite, too nuanced... But, in its special and pretty uncompromising fashion, it offers a few rich pleasures and rare delights. Foremost among them is Walter Lassally's unusually lustrous location cinematography, which casts a hot, honeyed, dusty glow over everything: the bazaars, the Ganges, the roadsides and the white boudoirs filled with mosquito netting, stirred by the faintest breaths of wind in the paralyzing torpor. □

the bourgeoisie everywhere. Systematically, with humorous gusto, he ripped all their charming discretion to shreds—and managed to survive where other film rebels (Vigo, Eisenstein, Vertov, Stroheim) died or were destroyed.

Certainly, the bourgeoisie and the State cannot be faulted for trying to destroy Bunuel. The fascist press excoriated him, creeps threw ink on the screens where the 1930 *L'Age d'Or* played and the Catholic church officially excommunicated him for making *Land without Bread*, in which he juxtaposed the poverty and squalor of the Spanish countryside with the wealth of the churches. Franco's Spain, his homeland, paid him the ultimate compliment: First they exiled him, then they banned all his films, then—briefly relenting—they allowed him back in for one more effort (*Viridiana*), whereupon they banned that film and refused to do export movie business with any country that had the temerity to show it. (The United States, of course, was exempted on a technicality.) Henry Miller, observing a part of this life-long furor, commented: "Bunuel deserves the highest honor that man can bestow on man. He deserves to be crucified or burned at the stake."

He was the one great Marxist director whose viewpoint was able to survive both capitalism and Marxism. Bunuel hated "message movies" ("Didactic and political cinema doesn't interest me," he once said) and he refused to be

straitjacketed by anyone. He could excoriate left-wing pieties or pretensions as searingly as those of the Right. (After his antiracist but completely unsentimental American film *The Young One*, a Harlem newspaper called for Bunuel to be lynched by the heels on Fifth Avenue.) He mellowed, if at all, only by widening his concerns. In his youth, according to the *New York Times*, he thought mankind's crucial problem was "class struggle." In his old age, he thought it was survival itself.

And it was survival at which he was an expert. To the end, he never relented, never let up on his foes, slicing them up with his black wit until *The Last Breath* (his recent autobiography). Perhaps his enemies made him even stronger. He was an exile and a wanderer who directed great films in three different languages (Spanish, French and English) and became a major figure in the cinema history of four countries: Spain, Mexico, France and the United States (for *Robinson Crusoe* and *The Young One*). When he finally died in July, at age 83, he left behind him a scorched earth of bourgeois pretensions and hypocrisies—a tarnished "Age of Gold" in which the "Land without Bread" beneath lay nakedly, pitiously revealed. To the end, through it all, he stayed the one director who could flay the world and live to tell the story. And, to the end, he kept that instinct for the incision, that mocking smile, that sure hand, that cool, unblinking eye. □

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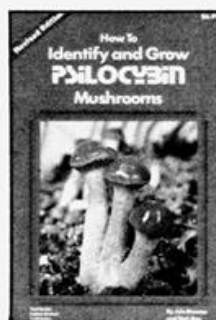
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a way that the people who came in contact with me would get stoned would require not merely the renunciation of violence, but the expurgation of anger itself—down to the deepest recesses of my head. And not merely anger, but all seven of the deadly sins—fear, jealousy, sloth, gluttony... pride... lust... All of them derived, as one could plainly see, from self-centeredness.

That was the hard part. That was the yoga. The collective mind was clearly the highest and heaviest manifestation of spiritual energy in this end of the Universe. And the new, difficult demands of living collectively were at the core of the growing pains convulsing the population of the planet. What better way to get beyond all the greed and hatred that spawned its conflicts than to practice the abandonment of possessiveness—leading to the transcendence of jealousy—that was crucial to the survival of a four-way marriage?

With less than a week left before we were to take off on the tour, I managed to get back on our bus by desperately working it out with my family while they were camped out down at Half Moon Bay. For a while it felt like it was going to be okay, and I got in a couple of hours of playing with our two boys on the beach, but the vibes among the four of us were already starting to curdle. Our level of mutual trust must have been at its lowest ebb—and our astral conservatism ("What does that nervous smile mean? Are you paranoid?") at its peak. By late afternoon, they had thrown me off the bus again. Too much ego, they said. "Where's it at that you didn't even come back changed, much less enlightened?"

Well, that one did it to me in a far worse way than the first one. I finally indulged myself in getting tremendously pissed off, ate the mushroom stash that was still in my pack and navigated through a low-level, be-deviled kind of trip—finally hitchhiking back up the coast to find some refuge in Golden Gate Park.

I camped out there with my bedroll under the gnarled cover of the Australian tea trees and shouted out my accumulated rage at the giant, columnar cypresses. It took me quite a while to cool out, but the tour caravan

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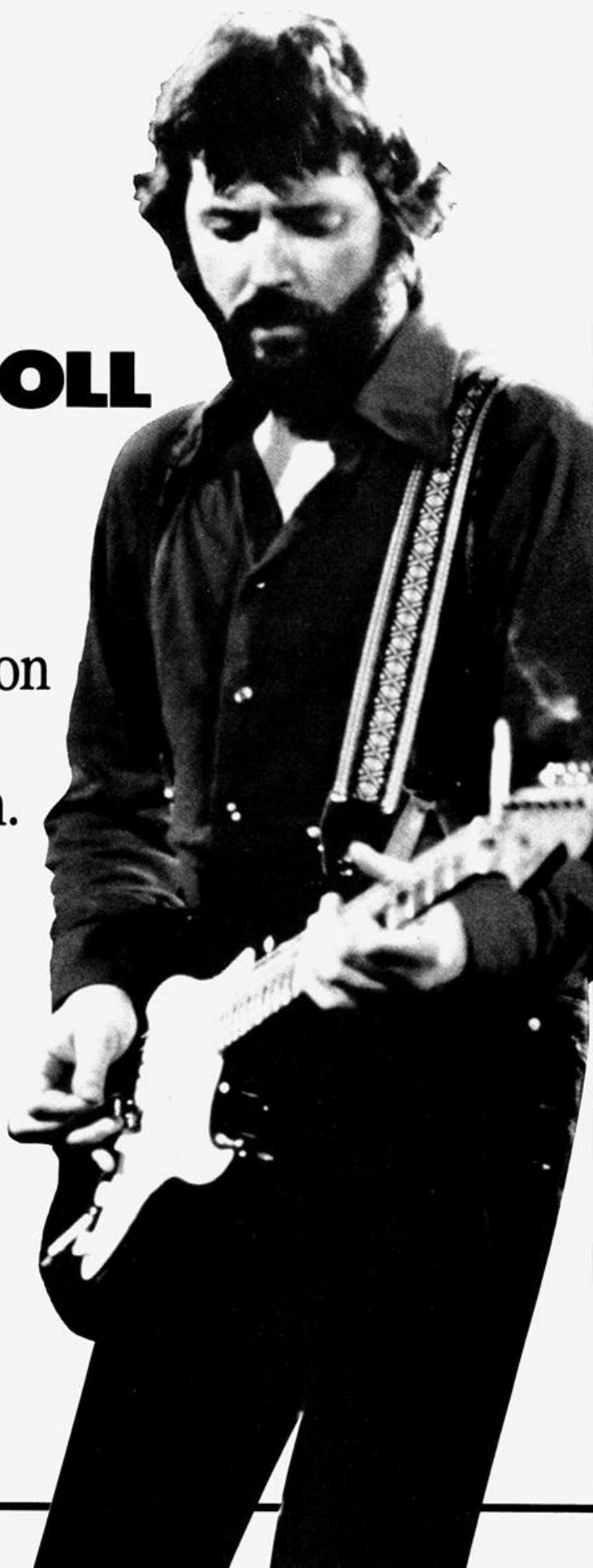
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IF ERIC CLAPTON DID NOT EXIST, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NECESSARY FOR ROCK 'N' ROLL TO INVENT HIM

Victimized by a public hungry for heroes, Eric Clapton endured 15 years in the crucible of rock superstardom. What's been left after all these years? Judging from the reviews of his latest album, nothing but the best.



The legendary rock guitarist Eric Clapton rose quickly to fame in the '60s and early '70s with an astonishing string of records made with the Yardbirds, John Mayall, Cream, Blind Faith, Derek and the Dominos and under his own name. After a painful period of semiretirement, self-effacement, heroin addiction and an ulcer-induced physical breakdown, Clapton has re-emerged as a driving force in 1983 with a tremendous album, *Money and Cigarettes* (Duck 23773-1), and his hottest live performances in a decade. Clapton's revival has framed his entire career neatly and provides the opportunity for a coherent overview of his playing.

Eric has always been a blues guitarist. In fact, his association with the Yardbirds is ironic, because it seems obvious in retrospect that he left that band because they couldn't play blues to his liking. The best blues the band ever recorded, a version of Jimmy Reed's "Baby, What's Wrong," wasn't released until it was finally anthologized in 1973. The electrifying playing that put both Clapton and the Yardbirds on the map is best heard on the 1963 album *Five Live Yardbirds* (Columbia EMI 1677, British import, out of print), although he played on the solid hit single "I'm a Man." However, compared to his later work, Clapton's playing with the Yardbirds seems unfocused and frenetic.

At any rate, Clapton's split was fortuitous—the Yardbirds went on to their greatest moments and Clapton joined John Mayall to make the *Blues Breakers* (London LC50009 o.o.p.) LP. We hear trademark Clapton for the first time on this record. From the first notes of Otis Rush's "All Your Love," which open the album, you know you're in the presence of genius. The deep, biting tone, the gutsy, Texas-style sustain, the outstanding control over the shape and phrasing of each note, all these qualities that Clapton has become noted for are evident. Clapton's tremendous debt to the Texas blues tradition of T-Bone Walker, Freddy and Albert King is shown on a letter-perfect remake of Freddy King's '50s instrumental hit "Hideaway." The screaming intensity of his solo on "Key to Love" and the elegance of his extended solo on the slow blues "Ramblin' on My Mind" help make this a watershed blues album. Toward the close of the proceedings, "Steppin' Out" provides another vehicle for Clapton to show off his develop-

ing skills. His style on this album is the single line, bell-toned approach that would influence virtually every electric guitarist to come after him. Oddly enough, Clapton did demonstrate a fascination for slide guitar of an obscure *History of British Blues* album for RCA in the track called "Tribute to Elmore." That record includes other Clapton performances, notably "Snake Drive."

Though *Blues Breakers* was the only full LP Clapton made with Mayall, a few other bits and pieces exist from '66. Half an album of live performance from April '66 is preserved on a John Mayall album called *Primal Solos* (London LC50003). Despite the poor recording quality, Clapton's soloing is strong and fairly well articulated, providing a very instructive comparison to *Five Live Yardbirds*. A pretty good version of "Have You Ever Loved a Woman," which Clapton redid on *Layla*, and a frisky, Cream-like run-through of Willie Dixon's "I'm Your Hoochie-Coochie Man" distinguish the record. An anthology of Mayall outtakes called *Looking Back* (London PS562 o.o.p.) is worth finding if only for the version of "Stormy Monday" that measures one of Clapton's finest moments as a soloist with Mayall.

Mayall's approach to blues was too archival for the increasingly restless Clapton, who felt that his playing had more contemporary applications. A tantalizing foretaste of what was to come appeared on a '66 anthology record called *What's Shakin'* (Elektra EKL4002). Three tracks were by Eric Clapton and the Powerhouse, a band that matched Clapton's lead guitar with the awesome vocal powers of Steve Winwood. "Steppin' Out" is improved on from the *Blues Breakers* version, with a brilliant nonstop solo from Clapton. "I Want to Know" is an extremely well-syncopated power drive with Clapton and Winwood outdoing themselves. "Crossroads" is a slower, bluesier version than the one later recorded by Cream.

1967 brought *Fresh Cream* (Atco SD33-206) and a new era of rock 'n' roll. The trio format of Clapton, bassist/vocalist Jack Bruce and drummer Ginger Baker was the perfect dynamic for Clapton to work out of. The record is a triumph of production and engineering as well as playing—no sounds this loud, and still this clear, had ever been impressed on a record before. Clapton's power chording rhythm guitar playing

on songs like "N.S.U." alone are amazing, but the control and execution of his solos mark the record's high points. The orchestrated multitracking of one astonishing solo passage on "Sweet Wine" is a legendary, and at that time, unprecedented, piece of work. In all, six separate guitar parts are interlaced—three separate lead lines, a line of slashing rhythm guitar and two lines of single-note feedback held for a seeming eternity in harmonic response to the main lead line.

Fresh Cream was so good it made the rest of Cream's output, while well-worth listening to, almost beside the point. *Disraeli Gears* (Atco 33-232) is notable for the great opening tandem of "Strange Brew" and "Sunshine of Your Love," the classic arrangement of "Outside Woman Blues," which Clapton references on his latest album, *Money and Cigarettes*, and the great wah wah technique demonstrated on "Takes of Brave Ulysses." By the time of the half-live two-record set *Wheels of Fire* (RSO RS-2-3802), Clapton had already been deified and essentially left for dead by an audience eager to turn him into a cliché.


Cream's excesses were typified by Ginger Baker's endless drum solo on "Toad," but even when the band had reached its heights of overkill, Clapton attempted to play with purpose, making moments on poor albums like *Live Cream* (Atco SD33-328) and *Live Cream II* (Atco SD7005) worth listening to. *Goodbye* (RSO1-3013) backed more live tracks with a studio side that included the wonderful collaboration between Clapton and George Harrison, "Badge."

Cream left a black cloud hanging over Clapton that carried into the ill-fated "supergroup" Blind Faith, which matched Clapton and Baker with Steve Winwood. The excitement of the first Clapton/Winwood collaboration on *What's Shakin'* is missing from this lineup, although their one-record legacy (*Blind Faith*, RSO 1-3016) is an excellent LP, better than the latter Cream albums even if it adds little to Clapton's playing reputation. Eric makes his vocal debut on "Presence of the Lord."

In 1970 Clapton left the supergroups behind, signing up in a session capacity with the Delaney and Bonnie band. Clapton sounds great on *Delaney & Bonnie & Friends on Tour with Eric Clapton* (Atco SD33-326), soloing inside of song arrangements rather than as the featured part of each number. Some of

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the same musicians show up on Clapton's first solo album, also from 1970, *Eric Clapton* (Polydor 1 3008). On "Slunky," the instrumental opener, we hear a new, more streamlined tone which sounds great in the multitrack format. Again, the songs are the thing—J.J. Cale's "After Midnight," Clapton's "Blues Power," "Bottle of Red Wine," "Let It Rain." This remains Clapton's best solo record.

Clapton also teamed up with Mayall once again in 1970 for an interesting project, a record called *Back to the Roots* (Polydor 25-3002) that put Eric together with such guitarists as Mick Taylor and Harvey Mandel, as well as with violinist Sugarcane Harris. The record is very much unlike other Clapton efforts—he interacts well with Harris on the driving "Prisons on the Road," joins Mandel and Taylor in a powerful three-way guitar conversation on "Accidental Suicide," then again on "Force of Nature" and contributes subtle slide guitar to the pensive "Goodbye December."

Perhaps Eric Clapton's finest moment as a musician is the 1972 collaboration with Duane Allman as Derek and the Dominos, *Layla* (Polydor PD 2 3501). In scope and beauty, in meticulous execution, in sheer genius, *Layla* is a peerless work—a true communion of two of the most creative guitarists' imaginations. Allman plays most, but not all of the slide parts. From there you're pretty much on your own trying to identify who's playing what as both players pay tribute to each other's style, overlapping a breathtaking multi-tracked lyricism that reaches glorious heights on the title track, "Keep on Growing," "Any Day" and "Why Does Love Got to Be So Sad?"

If *Fresh Cream* was the beginning of an era, *Layla* may well have been the end of that era five years later. The sense of experimentation—of uncovering new possibilities for expression through technology that characterized much of the late-'60s rock—had run its course by the early '70s. *Layla* was a kind of auto-elegiac epitaph for Allman, who died soon after it was released. For Clapton the album represented the completion of a long process of musical growth and refinement. It was time for a wholesale change.

As popular as the Derek and the Dominos format was, Clapton had no intention of building up into another superstar trap. He planned a period of semiretirement to reassess his music and hope that perhaps some of the public

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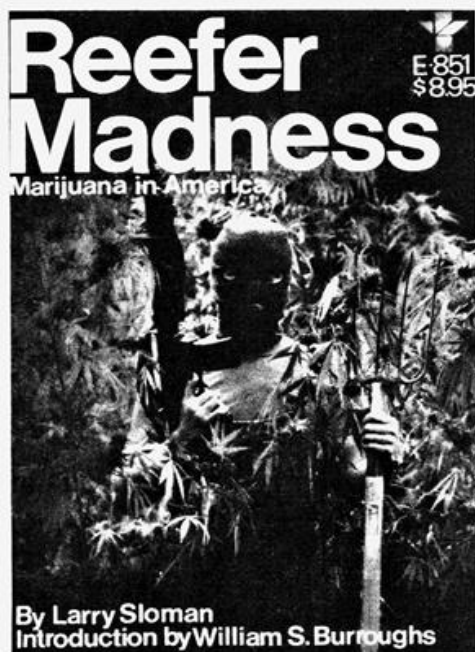
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was leaving in a matter of days, and the last thing I wanted was to end up pursuing them by thumb across the country. It was straighten up or else. I was finally reduced to feeling that I could kiss off the whole trip—if they just didn't have my kid.

Out in front of the Family Dog, at the convening of the very Class meeting that was to kick off the tour, I showed up at the bus door again and tried like hell to be cool and groovy. It took the three of them a long time to decide whether I was really cool or just faking it. They finally had to go off and consult another four-marriage—one that carried a lot of weight in the community—on how to handle this one. I remember sitting alone in our bus, our kids outside playing in the light of the setting sun, and feeling painfully hungry while eyeing the half-prepared food laid out on the counter. A single apple or orange would have been heavenly. But I knew that we were too telepathic, and that they would instantly know I had indulged in another attachment when they came back. That was no way to get back on the bus.

They told me when they finally returned that if I would agree to go on a word fast to avoid ripping them off immediately, they would try me out.

You know, Eugene," Melissa said to me, "Garrison can really be out to lunch sometimes. A lot of the time. You know that. I don't know why you hang back and don't come on out more. You really need to take the wheel and steer more, honest to God." This from Melissa, half whispered in my ear, as we lurched around the curves through the redwoods.

The first crack in the wall—the first I could remember since Gloria had been born in May, and Melissa and I had realized how strong and smart we could be together when there was nobody around to take charge but us. That was what I loved about her more than anything else—how her ideals, her faith, her *bhakti yoga*, really did come before her sentimentalities. She wasn't faking it.

Up ahead, emerging out of a grove of gigantic redwoods, one of our trucks appeared in the headlights, off to the side of the road. It was the one with the pitched roof that was totally covered with sod and moss and grow-

"Where's it at that you didn't even come back changed, much less enlightened."

ing plants. A couple of teenage cats were living in that one, and they had laid low and doubled back to warn the rest of us that there was a roadblock 20 miles ahead, at the Oregon border, with half the heat in California and Oregon revving up for the big bust of their career.

There were no alternate routes on that long stretch of highway—no way 50 big vehicles could pull up a dirt road in the woods and wait it out. There was just redwood forest, the Smith River Canyon and the highway. And there was no turning back to Crescent City.

"If I was you, I think I'd ditch whatever I was carryin' that was hot," said Luke, one of the sod-roof cats.

We drove on into the dark.

"This is really heavy," said Melissa. "We've got to make up our minds pretty quick."

"Ditch it," Meryl said.

I said, "We're supposed to be able to make a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn on a dime, like a flying saucer, aren't we? Otherwise, we'll never survive at this velocity, packing this much energy. We'll shatter like glass."

"So ditch it," said Meryl.

"I can feel you telepathically, and I know where you're at," said Garrison, still gripping the steering wheel, "so I know whatever I say won't make any difference."

"We can tell already that you're attached, Garrison," said Melissa, guffawing.

"It's the old Precious this time, man," I said.

"Garrison, cut loose," said Meryl.

"Just like I said," he said. "Whatever you think I'm attached to, you're going to rip me off of, so I'll just be quiet. But I still think it's dumb not to stash the peyote in the shitter. You *know* they're not going to look there. We should at least save the *peyote*. Where's it at throwing our peyote out the window? Or the acid? It's disrespectful to the Spirit!"

"Not if it keeps us out of jail," I said.

"Eugene and I have been in jail before and you haven't, Garrison," said Meryl. "It would make a big difference in your attitude if you had."

"Now you're just taking position on me," he said. "Throw it all out. Whatever."

"Not 'whatever,' Garrison," said Melissa, getting on her knees behind the driver's seat and starting to rub his shoulders. "You're not understanding, if you think it's a 'whatever' kind of situation. There's a good reason for what we have to do. Everything we do is for the good of the whole thing, not just for us. When we're truly living like that, there's a good reason for whatever happens to us. If we can keep that in mind, the choices become more obvious."

"Considering what I've had to give up lately," I said, "our stash here seems pretty insignificant to me."

"We don't need to hear about your hardships either, Eugene," said Melissa.

"So where's it at," I said.

"Here's where I think it's really at," she said, the vibes perceptibly heavy-ing up. "We've had it real good and we've been living high on the hog most of the time we've been living together. A nice comfortable ashram, good vegetarian food, a spiritual teacher concerned for our welfare. . . Fat city! We've had it good and soft all our lives, really. Now the Universe is telling us it's time we came on to some heavier responsibilities. And I know we can't meet those responsibilities if we're not willing to give some things up."

Melissa was the oldest child in a Catholic family of six, and had spent a lot of her years taking care of and cooling out her little brother and sisters. She was Sissy Conner in those days—or "Big Sis," the name she didn't like. She was Sissy to all of us until we got married, and then when we went to work on that particular chunk of her subconscious—on the occasion of the mescaline trip that welded us together—she decided it was better to reassume her full first

name, like the rest of us.

"I think we should throw it out," she said, kneeling there on the bed. There was a white aura around her head of long, curly hair—acid-zapped, it seemed—and the electricity of pure spiritual devotion emanated in crackling waves from her entire bod. She was absolutely oracular.

In the heat of our all-hands-on-deck peyote vision, then, in the increasingly paranoid place where you'll cut loose of *anything* to untie the knots in your stomach, we agreed with Melissa that the Universe was laying one of its heaviest lessons of nonattachment on us at that point, and that this must be the sheep-dip we needed to be dragged through before we could come on truly Holy to the square folks of America.

So we pitched our two kilos of fine Mexican weed out the window as we rolled down the highway—saw them disappear in a flash in the dark... thinking for a desperate moment of coming back later and searching the roadside. Then we pitched all the other stuff—the peyote, the hash, the acid, the remaining paraphernalia...

As it turned out, roughly the same scene was going down in all the other vehicles in our caravan, as they made their way toward the state line. All in all, it was probably the most spiritual roadside litter ever accumulated by any stretch of highway in history.

Emerging from the redwoods and coming up on the Illinois Valley, we could feel our stomachs starting to clutch again. Some flashing lights down the highway in the distance were a confirmation that we had arrived at last at the border.

It was an intimidating scene, with a phalanx of patrol cars blocking the road, big dudes in khaki uniforms stopping and directing traffic, and red, white and blue flashers strobing us out, even with our eyes closed.

A long line of vehicles had stacked up along the roadside already, like a herd of mechanical elephants, and we pulled up at the end, behind another great bus. Garrison flipped the switch that released the air in the brake lines with an explosive hiss, and we came to a cold stop. □

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
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pressure would subside. He emerged from this sabbatical with a thoroughly satisfying album, *461 Ocean Boulevard* (RSO 1-3023), that not only mapped out the new direction Clapton intended to move in, but yielded a major hit single, "I Shot the Sheriff."

The nucleus of Clapton's new band—Carl Radle from the Dominos on bass, Jamie Oldaker on drums, Dick Sims on organ and second guitarist George Terry—would record frequently during the '70s. Clapton's approach is more relaxed, but the chops and intensity of his playing is still present. "I Can't Hold Out" is an understated version of the Elmore James tune built around a synopated single-note fuzz-tone guitar figure and cool, swinging organ accompaniment from Sims. The deft, mercurial touch of Clapton's slide solo is worth the price of the record alone.

On "Please Be with Me," a ballad framed by multiple acoustic guitars playing the theme, Clapton, George Terry and Yvonne Elliman share the vocal harmony. Elliman would also become a fixture on Clapton's later recordings. Clapton's expressive dobro accompaniment punctuates the song deliciously. "Let It Grow" is an anthem-like ballad very much in the Dominos mold, featuring stately guitar and dobro lines interlacing through the song. Robert Johnson's "Steady Rollin' Man" is a funky vamp with ex-James Gang drummer Jim Fox supplying the rhythmic fatback. Clapton's vocal is relaxed and controlled, while his guitar accents and solo equal his finest work.

Given Clapton's predilection toward heroin around this time, the George Terry Tune titled "Mainline Florida" seems ironic. Clapton's slide solo on the chorus and the weird *wah wah* solo on the outro make for interesting listening. "Motherless Children" is a traditional song arranged by Clapton and Carl Radle played as a bright shuffle that rides into a sprightly guitar exchange between Clapton and Terry and another burning slide solo from Eric. There's a slow, exploring version of the Johnny Otis R&B tune that has become a rock 'n' roll cornerstone, "Willie and the Hand Jive," followed by Clapton's own "Get Ready," which is very much in the same spirit. The song twists through a slow, sinewy R&B pattern with Clapton and Elliman harmonizing on a spooky vocal full of dread and warning.

The new direction that ultimately informed all this music was reggae. Though the title *461 Ocean Boulevard* refers to the address of the Miami recording studio where the bulk of this record was made, one track, "Better Make It through Today," was cut in Kingston, Jamaica, at Dynamic Sound Studio. Clapton and his band play this music with almost frightening conviction. The song is deathly still, full of the listless, prescient abandon of heroin visions: "If I can't make it through tomorrow, better make it through today."

Clapton had never written a song like "Better Make It through Today" before. In reggae he found a blues source that inspired him to articulate visions as terrifying as those in the songs of the country-blues masters Clapton grew up on and interprets so well. Back in Miami, Clapton and crew cut Bob Marley's "I Shot the Sheriff" with such calculated élan that it became one of the first reggae songs to become a successful hit-single in the United States. Clapton wanted to improve his singing and establish himself as a vocalist. With "I Shot the Sheriff" he succeeded.

461 Ocean Boulevard was a fine record. *Eric Clapton's Rainbow Concert* was a dog, a rock circus that packed the stage with top-name musicians who couldn't, or wouldn't, play together. The talent onstage for the *Rainbow Concert* was awesome—Pete Townshend from the Who on guitar and vocals, Rick Grech on bass, Steve Winwood on keyboards and vocals, Jim Capaldi on drums and Rebop on percussion among others. They run through "Badge," "Roll It Over," "Presence of the Lord," "Pearly Queen," "After Midnight" and "Little Wing" in disorganized and convictionless fashion. Performances like this helped to tarnish Clapton's image in the '70s.

Clapton's poor fortune with superstar lineups carried over to the studio set *No Reason to Cry* (RSO 1-3004), which included appearances from Bob Dylan and members of the Band. *There's One in Every Crowd* (RSO 50-4806), a studio LP recorded in Jamaica with his regular band, is more satisfying. "Better Make It through Today" shows up again, while Clapton's "Don't Blame Me" is an obvious follow-up to "I Shot the Sheriff." Two rearranged spirituals, "We've Been Told" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," shuffle along in relaxed, bluesy style with Clapton playing beautiful dobro and slide parts.

On "Pretty Blue Eyes," "High" and "Opposites," Clapton pays homage to George Harrison through his use of

multitracked slide guitar harmonies in the choruses and phasing on the themes. Elmore James's "The Sky Is Crying" gets hair-raising vocal treatment from Clapton, whose hoarse singing does not sound affected. In yet another "Tribute to Elmore," Clapton bleeds out an amazing slide solo. Mary McCreary's "Singing the Blues" opens with a couple of slide glissandi and proceeds into another gospel rock shaker. A great interface of organ and guitars leads to a vintage lightning-fingers Clapton solo that Cream fans will want to hear before passing judgment on this material.

Perhaps as a gesture to the old fans who might not be happy with his new music, Clapton followed with a live album, *E.C. Was Here* (RSO 504809), using his basic studio band and taking material from his most popular records. *Layla's* "Have You Ever Loved a Woman" opens with Clapton laying out fat guitar lines and George Terry joining in for a rave-up dual guitar exchange. Clapton's vocal performance here is better than usual, suggesting that his determination to improve that skill was paying off. "Presence of the Lord" follows with Yvonne Elliman sharing the vocal and Clapton producing a Cream-like solo on the final section.

Clapton sets up "Drifting Blues" with a slick acoustic country-blues reading, and follows with the acoustic intro to "Can't Find My Way Home." The careful harmony vocal he shares with Elliman approximates the fantasy tone of Steve Winwood's original version, and Clapton's acoustic solo caps it off.

The electric guitars crank up again for "Rambling on My Mind," which opens with a masterfully controlled solo that once again shows Clapton as a genius of slow blues exposition. He even calls out an impromptu chord change to the band to keep things interesting. The set closing is "Farther on up the Road," with Clapton strutting a flashing final solo.

The 1977 set *Slowhand* (RSO 1-3030) was a schizophrenic album that pointed out Clapton's '70s problems. The record includes more fine playing and some embarrassing songwriting. There's a hot version of J.J. Cale's "Cocaine," a great slow blues version of "Mean Old Frisco" with an impressive slide solo, and a long, Dominos-like rocker called "The Core" that lays out a slick instrumental groove.

Clapton hardly distinguishes himself, though, on sappy, sentimental drivel like "Wonderful Tonight" and "May You Always," while his whining, mi-

sogynist complaint "Next Time You See Her" is an out-and-out disgrace. *Backless* (RSO1-3039) avoids the pitfalls of *Slowhand* and features more great slide on the slow blues "Early in the Morning" and on "Walk out in the Rain," "Roll It" and "Tulsa Time."

The double album live set *Just One Night* (RS2-4202), recorded in '79 at Japan's Budokan theater, covers much of Clapton's '70s material effectively, and, along with *E.C. Was Here* is probably his best post-Dominos work before *Money and Cigarettes*. It's doubtful, though, that Clapton will ever make a worse record than the '81 fiasco *Another Ticket* (RX1-3095), which dumps his stalwart '70s band in favor of another supergroup lineup—Gary Brooker and Chris Stainton on keyboards, Albert Lee on guitars, Dave Markee on bass and Henry Spinetti on drums. The record is professional sounding but totally empty and features little worthwhile playing. In Clapton's defense, he was a sick man at this time with a severe drinking problem that eventually led to his ulcer attack.

Happily, he solved those difficulties and was able to come back dramatically with *Money and Cigarettes*. For that record he assembled a band reminiscent of the Derek and the Dominos lineup. The hot Muscle Shoals bass/drums combination of Donald "Duck" Dunn and Roger Hawkins is well augmented by British session guitarist/keyboardsist Albert Lee, and Clapton's featured solo role is shared by slide guitarist Ry Cooder.

The Clapton/Cooder exchange is nearly as spectacular as the breath-taking dialogue with Allman on *Layla*. Both play with and without the slide and pay tribute to each other's style, tossing ideas back and forth in psycho-kinetic flashes. Lines of guitars intertwine through the Johnny Otis choogle "Crazy Country Hop," the Sleepy John Estes strut "Everybody Oughta Make a Change" and Clapton's own "Man Overboard."

Eric plays the classic blues "Crosscut Saw," a song which is closely associated with his great influence Albert King, the Texas blues guitarist. For the solo Clapton restates the melodic line used on both "Strange Brew" and "Outside Woman Blues" from Cream's *Disraeli Gears* LP, compressing a whole segment of his recording history into a single solo. This is the kind of playing that Clapton's reputation was built on in the first place, and its presence here is all the proof you need that Eric has once again returned to top form. □

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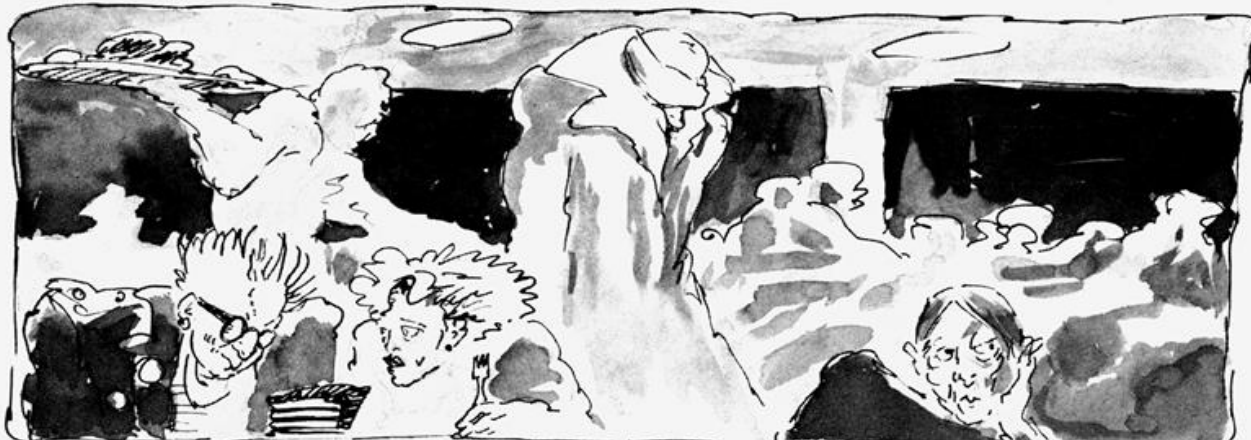
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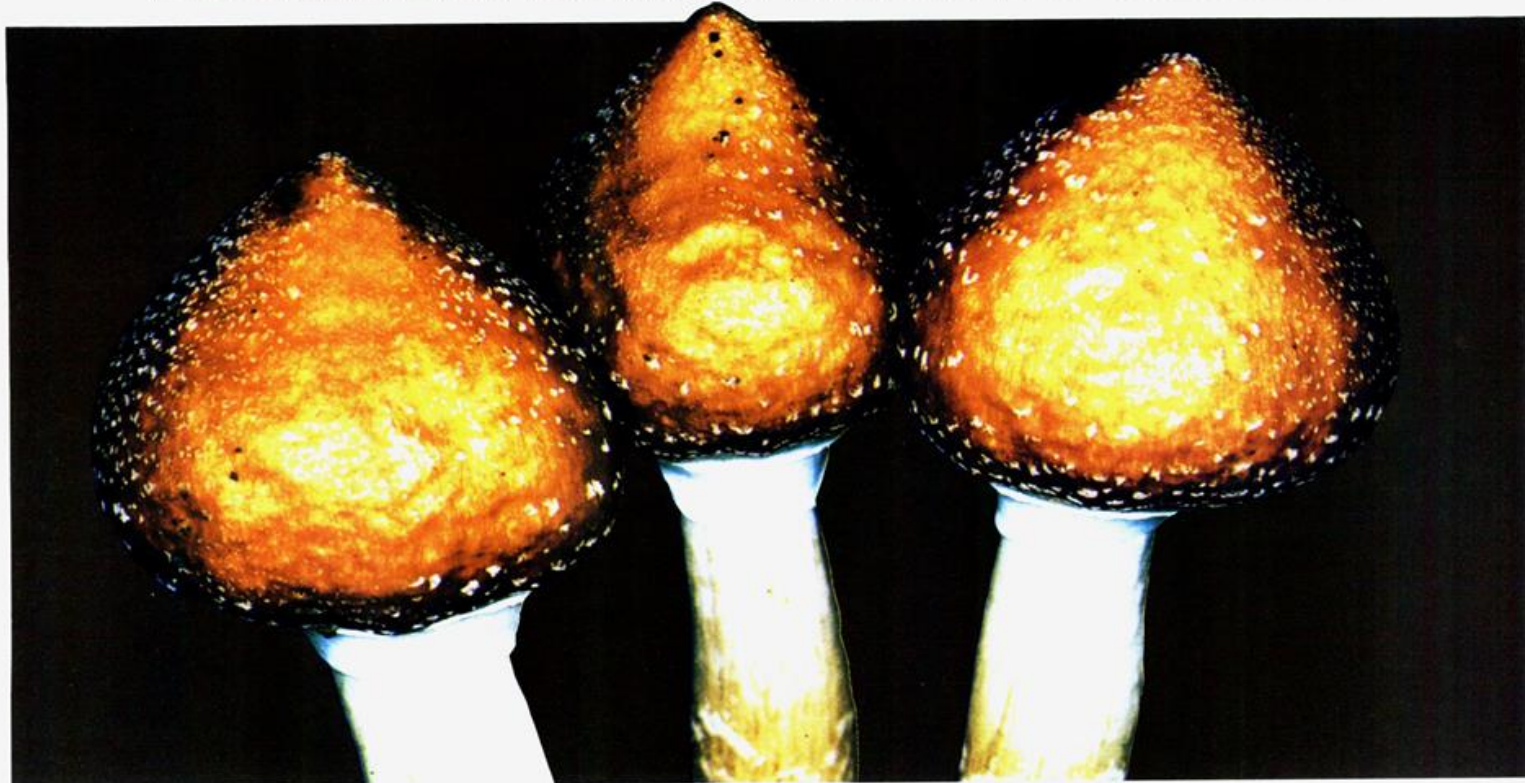
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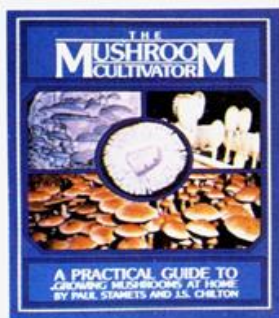
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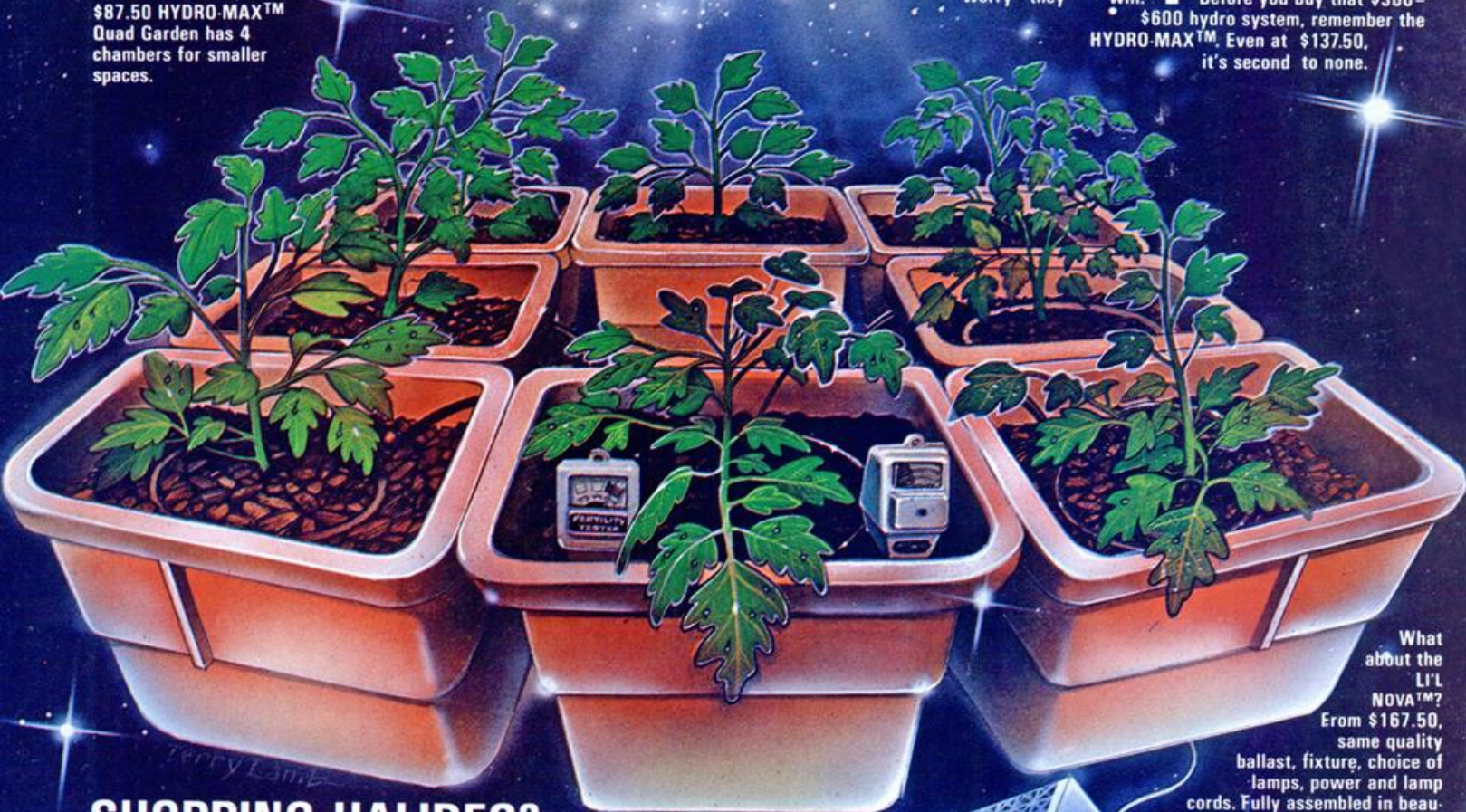
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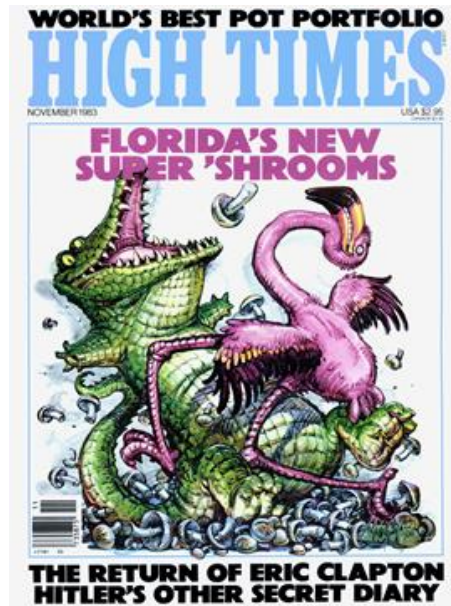
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